

THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 315—NUMBER 4094

DECEMBER 23, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

RECOVERY OF THE FRANC

THE currency panic in Paris, so vividly described in our opening article, was followed by a quick revulsion that brought the franc back to about sixty to the pound sterling, or between thirteen and fourteen for the dollar. Many Frenchmen consider the recent collapse the result of speculative operations, and the panic is estimated to have caused a direct loss to France, within two or three weeks, of more than one billion francs. A great part of this loss fell upon importers of raw materials. The sugar and coffee market was especially hard hit, since these commodities are quoted in sterling. British dealers presumably profited by this.

The *London Statist* calls attention to the fact that a nation can be sound economically and weak financially. While the public debt of France continues to mount skyward and her budget persistently records a deficit, this need not affect the standing of the nation's private obligations. Production and trade are increasing. Labor is scarce and unemployment practically nonexistent. Car-loadings have risen more than forty per cent within a year. There is also a small but appreciable improvement in the output of iron, steel, and coal.

EUROPEAN ELECTIONS

THE most important recent elections upon the Continent were held in Poland the first two Sundays in November, to choose the new Parliament. The first election was for the Lower House, and the second for the Senate. The two Houses in joint session later elected Gabriel Narutowicz, a relative and supporter of Pilsudski, President of Poland.

Hitherto the National Assembly, or Constitutional Convention, elected soon after the Armistice, has served as a provisional legislature. The new Constitution, which establishes a bicameral Parliament in its place, is now in force.

As was anticipated, the campaign was bitter, but it was not attended with violence. More than twenty parties were in the field; but a few of the stronger parties secured the suffrages of most of the voters. These twenty or more groups fall into three broad divisions: a Conservative Right, a Radical Left, and a Moderate Centre. Polish politics are complicated by the presence of eight or nine million German, Jewish, Russian, Lithuanian, and Ukrainian citizens. Therefore, one third of the population votes along racial and national instead of political lines. Although gerrymandering and

Copyright 1922, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

similar devices are used to limit the political influence of these groups, their delegates will control decisions in the present closely divided Houses. The Communists elected only three members, but if we are to believe the Socialist and Liberal press of Central and Western Europe, this does not represent the full strength of the party, because its organizers and candidates were arrested, its meetings prevented, and its voters intimidated by the police. Similar intimidation is charged in Galicia, but in this instance is said to have been exercised by both sides — the Polish authorities, and the violently anti-Polish Ruthenian national leaders and their secret organizations.

The broad issues upon which the election was fought between the Pilsudski group and his opponents were described in the *Living Age* of December 16. On account of the numerous parties in the new Parliament and the uncertain attitude of the non-Polish delegates, it is impossible to forecast as yet the coming policy.

According to early reports, the Left in coöperation with the national minorities will control both Houses; but this depends upon the attitude of the peasant leader, Witos, who now holds the balance of power. Such gains as were made by the Conservatives are attributed to the women's vote, which was for the most part cast under the lead of their clerical advisers. However, the shifting of strength between the Right and the Left seems to have been immaterial, the most notable change being the practical elimination of the Centre parties, who now have but eight seats in the Lower House. Another new result has been to increase the representatives of the Jews, Germans, and other non-Polish nationalities from seventeen in the old Assembly to eighty-eight in the Lower House, and twenty-six in the Senate.

According to the rather obscure accounts received in Western Europe of the last Soviet elections, a comparatively small majority of Communist candidates was returned, while the non-Communist groups scored unexpected successes. The latter must have won under some difficulties. At Petrograd, for instance, all the independent candidates nominated by the workers were arrested three days before the balloting. These candidates, who numbered thirty-five, were accused of secretly belonging to anti-revolutionary parties. As a result, the factory workers refused to vote. In the Donetz Basin the Communists were defeated, forty-five per cent of the successful candidates being Independents, eighteen per cent Socialists, and thirty-seven per cent Communists. In certain districts, where the Communists returned only ten per cent, new elections were ordered.

Last November's elections in Saxony indicate that the Socialist vote in that country is growing somewhat faster than the bourgeois vote. During the last two years the increase in the former is from 1,051,000 to 1,280,000; in the latter from 1,019,000 to 1,185,000. Of the Socialist vote, approximately four fifths go to the United Party, which represents a fusion of the Social Democrats and the Independent Socialists, and one fifth to the Communist Party. The Centre Parties are very weak. In this group the Democrats received 202,000 ballots, and the Centrist — the Catholic Party — only 22,000 ballots. The two Conservative parties — the German Nationalists, or unreconstructed Junkers and the German People's Party or big business group — received altogether 945,000 votes.

The complete change in the make-up of the British House of Commons at the last election is emphasized by the

fact that trade union officials are now the largest single 'profession' represented, for they can claim nearly a seventh of its entire membership. It would appear that lawyers come next, though popular expectation will probably be disappointed — or relieved — by the fact that they number less than a tenth of the whole.



SPAIN'S UNSTABLE CABINETS

POLITICAL conditions in Spain continue to be confusing. Cabinet succeeds Cabinet without any Government promising to be more stable than its predecessor. Two problems, more or less related, are mainly responsible for this situation: Morocco and the budget. The Liberals insist upon a thoroughgoing investigation of the Morocco disaster of last year, and an immediate settlement of the Morocco question that will relieve Spain of her present military burdens in that country. The Conservatives, whose party prestige is closely associated with the prestige of the officers and ministers responsible for the Morocco campaign, have successfully prevented a thorough investigation of the country's military failure.

Recently the Prime Minister introduced a bill repealing the decree under cloak of which the military *juntas*, or officers' soviets, have become an important factor in the government. These military Fascisti were originally organized in 1917 by younger and more progressive officers, who revolted against army favoritism and the monopoly held by a privileged few over promotions and military assignments. The people supported the *juntas* at first, and the latter secured some needed reforms; but like most extra-legal societies of this kind, they soon abused their influence. The recent act of the Government, abolishing the *juntas*,

which goes into force before it is ratified by Parliament, was preceded by the resignation of the dashing commander of the Foreign Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel Millan Astray, accompanied with the startling announcement that he was forced to take this action because he was unable to serve simultaneously the Government and the *juntas*. Army syndicalism is a perilous thing, especially in a country like Spain, where, as in Italy, civil authority seems to be losing ground.

The popular demand for a thorough airing of the Morocco situation has been reinvigorated by a speech in the Cortes by Señor Prieto, who painted from personal observation a depressing picture of the amazing corruption that infected all branches of the Spanish army in Morocco, and the general absence of discipline. Several army chiefs and officers have acquired immense fortunes in the African service. This terrible indictment, supported as it was by written proofs, was irrefutable.

While the Morocco problem remains unsolved, and the condition of the budget shows little sign of improvement, there are indications of a decided betterment at Barcelona, the centre of the Catalanian industrial district, where until less than a year ago a Communist reign of terror prevailed. Since 1917 strikes had succeeded strikes, in such quick succession that industry was virtually paralyzed. The trade unions became virtually Black Hand organizations controlled by criminal leaders. Men were murdered almost daily, and with utter impunity, in the streets of Barcelona. Assassins hardly took the trouble to hasten their steps when they left the scene of their deeds, since no one dared lift a finger to detain them. About a year ago General Martinez Anido was appointed Governor of Barcelona, with instructions to end this reign of terror at any cost. He

had a difficult task, because even if assassins were detected, juries feared to find them guilty. The new Governor immediately arrested some thirty of the syndicalist leaders, and when he and members of his family were threatened with the assassination by way of reprisal, he announced that all these men would be shot the moment the next crime occurred. He arbitrarily dissolved the Communist workers' organizations, and broke up their secret meetings. These drastic measures succeeded, and the Communist terror was ended; but meanwhile an anti-Communist organization appears to have been formed, along Fascisti lines, which has in its turn tried to assassinate the Communist leaders. The Governor was suspected of knowingly tolerating these new plots, and as a consequence has just been relieved of his office.



AMERICAN COMMUNISTS IN RUSSIA

Ekonomicheskaja Zhizn devotes a series of articles to the experiences of the American Communists who migrated to Russia about a year ago to start various industrial and agricultural enterprises in that country. These American-Bolshevist Pilgrim Fathers numbered about five hundred, and took with them property to the value of some \$350,000. Those who engaged in farming were permitted to use without compensation certain confiscated estates. They put several hundred acres of land under cultivation with modern agricultural machinery. While the peasants were friendly enough to the new arrivals, the Soviet bureaucrats hampered them in many ways. One group, called 'the tractor unit' because it brought tractors from America, was sent to Perm, where conditions are reported to be about as bad as anywhere in Russia. They were allotted between thirty and forty thousand acres of

fairly good land to cultivate. The members of the party had some difficulty in assembling their tractors, as there were no machine shops or other facilities in the vicinity. But eventually they put nineteen machines to work. They were also hampered by lack of gasoline, which was scarce and of such inferior quality that it proved unsuitable for tractor use. In spite of this discouragement, they ploughed about five thousand acres, partly of their own land-grant, partly land belonging to the peasants. The peasants were supposed to pay for the ploughing in labor; but their assistance proved of little service to the immigrants.

Another unit, consisting of iron- and steel-workers, was settled in the Urals. They were given a cordial reception, with many speeches of welcome, but little practical assistance. They were lodged in six old houses, which they rebuilt and provided with modern sanitary conveniences and electricity. These houses or barracks were on swampy ground and are proving difficult to keep in repair. Many other disappointments met the new arrivals who, according to this journal, have been obliged to work twenty hours a day because they could get no assistance from the people of the locality.

The coal-mining colony in Siberia, refugees from which have just returned to Riga with a long tale of suffering and hardship, is characterized in this Bolshevik publication as the most successful of these enterprises. Its members could not begin mining immediately because they had to turn their first attention to erecting and repairing enough buildings to shelter themselves. At the time the article was written, they had set up an American sawmill, had reconditioned the workshops and machinery at the mine, and had begun actual mining.

The same paper prints an enthu-

siastic little note apropos of the acceptance by 'Mr. Max Mey, former Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company in New York' of an appointment as Director of the Foreign Department of the Russian Commercial Bank. This, it says, 'will undoubtedly have a favorable influence on the relations between Soviet Russia and American business circles, and even between Soviet Russia and the American Government.'

*

AN EARLY CRITIC OF THE KAISER

THE memoirs of General Field Marshal Alfred Graf von Waldersee have just been published in Berlin at the instance of his nephew, Lieutenant General von Waldersee, who was a distinguished Prussian officer in the last war. These memoirs contain several interesting allusions to the ex-Kaiser soon after he ascended the throne, including reflections upon his military capacity.

The general manoeuvres in 1890, when the elder Waldersee was Chief of the General Staff, gave that officer an excellent opportunity to appraise the military talents of the young Kaiser, whom he describes in his diary as 'overrating his own ability.' To this he added: —

In my opinion the Monarch has a certain understanding of parade-ground evolutions, but not of general troop-movements. He utterly lacks experience in actual warfare, and for this reason fails to appreciate how limited the use of cavalry is under modern conditions. The Kaiser is extraordinarily restless, he rushes hither and thither, gets too far in advance of the battle line, interferes with the duties of the commanders, gives innumerable and often contradictory orders, and pays hardly any heed to advice. He always wants to be the victor, and is offended at every decision of the judges that goes against him.

On this occasion the blunt old Prussian officer felt in conscience bound to

decide that the Emperor's forces were defeated, and at the end of the manoeuvres summarized, in as sparing terms as he could, — if we are to believe his diary, — the young monarch's blunders.

The Kaiser, who was naturally closely watched by the others present, at first looked rather surprised; then he assumed a very serious expression. When I finished, he spoke. He started out by agreeing with my criticism, and then tried to extenuate his errors, but made a very poor showing of it.

The Kaiser did not forgive this humiliation, and speedily found an excuse for dismissing his uncourtly Chief of Staff. However, to his gratification, General von Waldersee was succeeded by General Schlieffen, one of the ablest strategists that the old Prussian army produced. A military order transferred General von Waldersee from his post as Chief of Staff to command of an army corps — which he regarded as a demotion. He desired to resign, but the Kaiser would hear none of it, and tried to dissuade him with arguments so naïve that it was difficult for him to 'repress a smile.'

'I want to transfer you to Altona, a post that is very important just at present. You must keep watch of Prince Bismarck, who has been acting very suspiciously of late, and is intriguing against me. Furthermore, we also know that all the threads of the Socialist conspiracy come together in Hamburg. I must have there a man of the first quality, like yourself. Then there are the North German Courts (of course there were only the two Mecklenberg Courts in the Ninth Army District), where things look very bad. I must have someone to look after them, and if necessary, to step in promptly. In short, the post is very important.'

It is not surprising that the old General was forced to repress a smile, and that he comments in his diary: 'What

business is it of mine what Prince Bismarck does? If they want to watch him, let the police do it. How am I to detect conspiracies, for discovering which the Government has its special secret service? What business have I with their Northern Courts?'



A NEW CONQUEST FOR THE ENGLISH TONGUE

HITHERTO the proceedings of the Filipino Legislature have been in Tagalog or in Spanish, although English is technically an official language. But the last election returned to the Legislature a number of young men educated in English schools in the Philippines or in the United States. They are intent upon breaking up the Spanish-speaking tradition of the older generation of Filipino public men, who received their early training under the Spanish régime. Therefore, quite a sensation was caused in the gallery of the House recently, when English was used for the first time in debate. The speech was admirable in point of brevity, and can be reported in full. It was addressed by one of the members to a colleague on the floor, and was: 'Sit down, boy!'



EVEN THE LONDON BOBBIES!

WE are so accustomed to disparaging comparisons between our own metropolitan police and the police of other countries, that the following quotation from the *New Statesman* will come as a surprise to many:—

The broad facts — about the systematic blackmail practised by a section of the London police on prostitutes, bookmakers, street-traders and others — are well enough known; but it is very nearly impossible to produce sworn testimony, for sufficiently obvious reasons. Failing reform from within, the problem, as we said last week, must

be approached from another angle. Organized exposures, by people whose personal reputations can be made safe, will have to be arranged. Already the publicity which has been given to the subject has borne fruit: magistrates are refusing to convict, in certain cases, without corroborative evidence. That is a good beginning, but the matter must be carried further. The corrupt element at headquarters must be stamped out or else frightened into decent ways. We cannot undertake to produce witnesses, but we can undertake to publish nothing for which we have not ample and quite convincing private evidence. It is for the Home Office to take the next step. What is the 'blackmail' income of Bow Street police station? We do not know; but it is large enough to prevent some of the beneficiaries from accepting promotion. The greatest scandal of the moment, however, is the relation of the 'special' police to certain gangs of race-course 'roughs.' We shall return to the subject.



CHINA'S 'CO-EDS'

The North China Herald estimates that there are now some fifteen thousand girls' schools, and half a million girl scholars in China; although this is merely a guess, based upon the assumption that the number of schools for girls is about one tenth the number of schools for boys.

We have ocular evidence of the Chinese girl student in our midst and those who know her best are loudest in their praise of her worth and her modesty. That female education is bound to be a disruptive force was recognized by the 'ancients,' those time-honored fossils who imposed the shackles of their conservatism on the progressive faculty of the Chinese race, when they said 'the virtuous girl is she who has no ability.' The educated girl has 'ability' and intends to make use of it, as we see from the fact that already we have in our midst not only a host of lady teachers, but a considerable number of clerks, and at least one lady banker.

WHEN THE FRANC COLLAPSED

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

From the *Outlook*, November 18
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

RHYTHM is the most ancient soul of Time; it is the servant of creation and the great destroyer.

It shook Paris the day the franc broke. For a day and a night those who heard the news from Verdun unbroken, and were not moved at the sound of cannon from Château Thierry, were sickened and troubled.

It came a day of heavy rain: not unprepared, for since Genoa the ruin of the Reich had weighed down her neighbor, and the *Banque de France* was grappling with the tariffed dollar and the wheat shortage. Week by week the franc had been dragged along down, joltingly and resisting, with many returns and every foot of the way disputed, to the almost unheard-of figure of 69 (instead of 25) to the pound sterling. Citizens, on their way home, turned to the back page of the *Temps* to read the exchange list, doubtfully; and their children held their tongues until the fortunes of the day had been commented on by their anxious elders. The tense battle with the exchanges scared this people as nothing else could have done. In the depths of their character, far below their hard vanity and national jealousy, below even their instinctive love for the Family and Law, is the mainspring of Possession — the triple motive of inheritance, conservation and legacy. No careful Eskimo is more tied to his paltry store of harpoons and stone blubber-lamps than the Frenchman to his family hoard. He traces it back in legend to the thrift of Roman provincial ancestors. Saracens and

Mongols, no more than the brief revolution of the dispossessed, could wrench from the free French burghers their savings and their dowries.

Even to-day, the man who starts life without some debt to his grandfather is as rare and unfortunate in France as one born blind. Englishman's God, Dutchman's sweetheart, Frenchman's fortune — these are their last trenches: take these and they are done. The Parisian wonders at the theology of Hyde Park; his Sabbath task is to ponder on the financial bulletin of the week, with gravity and devotion.

The rhythm of destruction edged out first on the ticking machines, that day. At noon the portico of the Bourse belled out panic into the rain, pounding out the figures of the slump in francs: —

Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine.

It spread in the City, it seemed sounding through the damp air. Window agencies in the Faubourg Montmartre stuck up the score of the new tune in sprawling round handwritten sheets, and groups paused on the pavements to read and hear. It throbbed into the restaurants through the swinging doors, and dinned in every customer's inner ear its ringing and buzzing measure: not clear, yet, but sickening and discouraging. From the boulevards it drifted by every road; it reached the Plaine Monceau, and in ten minutes the cafés of the Porte Maillot had ceased their chatter to listen.

The crowd in the 'buses that lumbered over the bridges to the left bank

stopped their talk, harkening for the tune the motor was beating out and pressing their white faces to the windows to watch the rising flood of the Seine. Muggy weather: not cold, yet everyone was shivering. And the rain kept up its drumming on the pane.

The streets were empty. *Midinettes* walk in the arcades out of the wet and forget to munch their chocolate. They wonder what father will say when he comes home from work in the suburbs. In fine restaurants, the music is spoilt by what the lunchers hear in their heads, strumming and thrumming, and they wonder what the news will be after lunch. Cheap eaters shuffle their feet on the sawdust floor of *gargottes* to hurry the waiter with their bill.

In the rain, the outside clerks of the Bourse, coatless and hatless, are standing on the outskirts of the screaming market, hunching their shoulders and tiptoeing to see the blackboard of the foreign shares, or bending to snatch the slips of paper from wild boys who rush out from the interior with the latest course of the exchanges. The days of Panama are come back and worse, and the whole market, *terme* and *comptant*, is raving mad: bank shares falling, rentes falling, and foreign shares mounting like the tide.

Inside the ring of drenched coats, squashed up together, the yelling orchestra of brokers' agents is fighting for the tune of the market, finding it by snatches, being shoved off into crashing discord by the resistance that comes from within the House. The mighty rhythm is struggling to shake itself loose from hundreds of snatchy substitutes, which France's defenders are fighting with fists and lungs to impose. All the time, the rise and fall of the hubbub of a panicked market being dragged along to the brink.

Passers in the square below turn their anxious faces to the incredible noise of

the rout under the Porch. Thoughts turned inward, each thinking of his own, of the bank notes and untouchable securities smouldering away in his banker's safe, and nothing to be done; of the invisible worm eating away his wife's pearls at the core; fortunes in danger; the whole country shaking with that commotion. All their hopes swaying and returning in that mighty rhythm of destruction which is hammering down the clamor of the Bourse:—

Sixty-nine, sixty-nine, sixty-nine.

The sheerest fall in history, the swallowing gulf.

Inside, the big men, the high agents of change, the Government millionaires and the custodians of the national fortune stand in a ring behind wooden rails, under the great glass roof, doing their best. The *Banque de France* has come in, and sends help every ten minutes by breathless telephonist. The Ministry of Finance is calling insistently and gravely on its friends. Stocks of guilders, dollars, pounds are pouring into the pit. Every drop is contested, every gust of the dread tune is smothered with fierce shouting by the defenders. The excitement of the hour sharpens their voices; all the chiefs are there, stout-hearted gentlemen in gray suits who have won through many crashes, nodding to each other, patting the rail of the enclosure, bending to take orders from the perspiring brokers. All minor rhythms trail away here and the two major measures are at grips with each other:—

Up with it, Up, Up
and the resistless

Down, Down, Down
that is winning. Over their heads the flickering blackboards of the changes, and the crooning chant of the fight outside in their ears.

The majestic drum-beat of the new

rhythm disengages itself from the puny man in the centre, grows clearer, finds itself, flinging away their opposition, as a train when it reaches its speed and holds it. Then we heard the meditative peculiar march of the thing, unchecked and clear for a moment, the rhythm that wore away Egypt and Babylon and all the lost civilizations, that is shaking all France from the bottom until it sends it to join the ruins of past time. In a sickening second:—

Seventy-one, seventy-one, seventy-two,
Seventy-three, seventy-two, seventy-three.

Four points drop! The hundred boys ripped the scribble out of the hands of their chiefs and charged for the doors, jammed, broke and pelted into the clerks outside screeching their news. A sound came back over their heads. The grave men in the ring sweated at it. Then they resumed the uneven battle.

Early editions of the *Intransigent* were flung on the kiosks by muddy bicyclists; shopkeepers ran out bare-headed into the drizzle to buy. They went slowly back, clutching the sheets; stray purchasers found them distraught, reluctant to sell and anxious: unwilling to give good merchandise for paper money. The rhythm was in their heads, killing their energy, or they would have closed their shops. This is no fear that inspires deeds: it sickens action and clogs mind.

The Deputies made their way to the Chamber, slushing through the mud or spattering along in automobiles. The buzz in the corridors is heavier and slower; intriguers have their thoughts elsewhere, and everyone seems to be listening to something in the distance, only faintly to be heard in this sheltered place. Who can struggle against this that has come through the will of inscrutable God? Is there Law in this? Who can comprehend it? How can men oppose the tide? Poincaré sits at his

desk under the glimmer of the chandelier, with an unopened law book before him. Mandel has forgotten his enemies and the betrayal of Clemenceau; huge Daudet and shabby Herriot do not glare at each other across the hemicycle. The prophetic days are come upon us all, and the ends of the world: hates and hopes are of no avail. Some are yawning nervously, hands in pockets, heads sunk on shoulders. The bell sounds small and sweet in this new lull.

They will have another mood later on, when Louis Loucheur speaks—queer, ugly man, almost a Kalmuck, richest in France, and no more afraid of ruin than Clemenceau of wars. When the captains tremble, the leader arrives: Loucheur is going to clutch to-day a moment of mastery over these tremblers. They will listen to him later.

But outside the spell of his smile and confidence, the citizens of Paris prepare for bed. The throb has subsided in the darkness, yet they feel it, trembling, though they cannot hear. All night in attics and in the broad windows of stately apartments, lights behind the curtains show that the master and head of the family is sleepless, thinking of what has come upon him. And through the length and breadth of the land, in his imagination, he hears the beating of a giant tom-tom, muffled, in a measured and powerful rhythm, and shaking gently and firmly every high tower and cathedral, every castle and city: faint clouds of powdered mortar rising in the night air from crumbling walls, threatening the day when all shall fall in on the treasures and secret possessions of this people, from Calais to Marseille: the rhythm of destruction: the breathing of Time—that enemy of man's efforts and boasting which has covered up many civilizations, as ordered as ours, in the oblivion of the desert.

Seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three,
Seventy-two, seventy-one, seventy-four.

A FIVE-YEARS' LESSON

[The fifth anniversary of the November, or Bolshevik, Revolution in Russia was observed by the assembling of the Fourth World Congress of the Third International for its inaugural session at Petrograd, whence it later adjourned to Moscow. Representatives from the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and other foreign countries were present. The Red Cavalry general, Budennyi, welcomed the delegates in the name of the Red Army. If we are to believe the Bolshevik radio reports, eighty mass meetings were simultaneously held in Petrograd and in the neighboring towns of Kronstadt and Gatchina in honor of the day.

We print below two articles, both from Socialist sources, apropos of this occasion. The first by Zinov'ev, President of the Third International, gives a Bolshevik interpretation of the Revolution, and appears in the Berlin Communist organ *Die Rote Fahne* of November 7; the second, from the Vienna Conservative-Socialist daily *Arbeiter Zeitung* of the same date, represents a diametrically opposite — though Socialist — version of the forces that found expression in the Revolution and the lessons it teaches.]

I

La Commune, one of the most important papers at the time of the Paris Commune, said, in anticipation of that proletarian uprising: 'The Commune was not fighting for the Republic, but for the Revolution.' That was an unusually pertinent remark. It is the more notable because it was published on March 31, 1871, two weeks before the actual outbreak of the revolt. Yes, it was not the Republic but the Revolution that was the issue. The object was no bourgeois-republican upsetting of the Government, but the beginning of a true proletarian emancipation. It was a movement that by its profundity and by its historical significance for the first time attained the dignity of a real Revolution.

If that was true of the Paris Commune, it was still more true of our great Russian Revolution. If we summarize the results of the first half-decade of Soviet rule, we can probably claim for our Revolution the definition of that Paris journal. We in Russia did not fight for a Republic, but for a Revolution. 'All traditions were ground under foot. Something unprecedented happened in the world. A Government existed in which there was not a single member of the ruling class.' It was thus that

Arthur Arnault characterized the uprising at Paris; and Lavrov says in his famous book on the Commune: —

The Revolution of 1871 was determined, for the first time in history, to place at its head 'unknown people' from the masses. The Paris Commune of 1871 was the first organization of society in the world that was controlled and managed by manual workers.

And in spite of all the blunders and all the failures that attended their administration of the Commune, they proved that the working classes can furnish men competent to manage the affairs of the community, men who performed their duties as well as the 'intelligentsia' functionaries who hitherto regarded governing as their specialty. . . . When we compare the legislation of the Commune with the decrees of Parliaments and Cabinets that are drafted by practised and trained statesmen, we find it practically free from criticism. Bookbinders, locksmiths, and journeymen-goldsmiths proved to be as competent in such matters as the graduates of our higher educational institutions, who had been trained under statesmen and politicians. During its short existence, the Paris Commune punctured for all time the illusion that bourgeois education is an indispensable qualification for holding public office. . . . The great days of March 1871 were the first occasion when the proletariat not only made a revolution but also led it.

With far better right can our great Russian proletarian Revolution apply these words to itself. The difference between the Paris Commune and the Russian Soviet Government is the difference between the child and the adult. The Paris Commune survived seventy-two days, and was drowned in the blood of its best sons. The victorious Russian Revolution celebrates its fifth birthday under conditions that prove beyond question that its worst trials are over and that the eventual victory of the workers is assured.

The great Russian Revolution has also produced much that is transient and accidental. Such a titanic river, plunging ahead at full flood, inevitably casts mud, and wreckage, and putrid bodies upon its bank. But the Russian proletarian Revolution has also given the world much that is uncontestably eternal and immortal.

The immortal element in our Revolution is first and foremost the fact that it has changed completely the mentality of the masses. Our Revolution is above all great in having destroyed the fetich authority of the bourgeois State. The revolutionary hurricane swept away the last remnant of that mystical reverence that still enhaloed in the eyes of the 'lower' classes the mystery of government. The hard-working proletariat of Russia saw with their own eyes how a State is built, how a Government comes into being. And no matter what struggles and trials our people have been forced to undergo during these five years, they have retained intact their instinctive conviction that they are the real creators of the new Government, that they are the subjects and not merely the objects of social regulation.

For five years 'unknown people' have ruled one sixth of the earth's surface. 'Locksmiths and bookbinders' have held the reins of government. They

have run our factories, and works, our mines, our railroads, our townships and counties, our provinces — many of which are greater than whole states in Western Europe, — and all Russia.

There was much gnashing of teeth when Comrade Lenin declared that the proletarian Revolution would qualify every kitchen-maid to administer a public office. Look around you, doubting Thomases! Has this prophecy not come true? Do not manual laborers now fill our public offices? Of whom do our Soviets consist if not of manual workers?

'But Russia has no Soviets!' shout our opponents at every street corner. 'Your Soviets are mere fiction!'

Have we no Soviets, then? They tell us that merely because our Soviets are not like bourgeois Parliaments. Their ideal is a bourgeois Parliament. Are there no Soviets? They tell us that in the fifth year of Soviet rule, when Soviets have become the very flesh and blood of the nation!

'There are no Soviets!' I would that these gentlemen might have seen the last election of the Petrograd Soviet, when, in this great reviving proletarian metropolis, there was not a single laborer, not a single laborer's wife, not a single wage-earner, not a single kitchen-maid, not a single youthful worker who did not participate in one way or another in the election of the Soviet.

The immortal element in the Russian Revolution consists in the fact that the mass of the people, millions and tens of millions of workers, have been converted from mere objects of Government into makers of Government. This fact alone created a new Russia, tapped inexhaustible fountains of human energy, raised up a new generation of young men and women, and filled our laborers with such eagerness and daring as the world has never before wit-

nessed. Former revolutions shook the throne of Tsars; but we were the first to overthrow for all ages to come the throne of the bourgeoisie. For the first time in the history of mankind there has existed for five years, to the mortal terror of our enemies — aye, there has lived and grown stronger — not a republic in the bourgeois definition of this word but the revolution, the great proletarian Revolution.

In many countries with an advanced labor movement, both in Europe and in America, the working people are better educated, they stand on a higher cultural level, than our Russian workers. But our Russian proletariat possesses, on this fifth birthday of the Soviet Government, a tremendous advantage over all its workingmen comrades in the rest of the world. This advantage is that our laboring people already have the practical experience of the first proletarian Revolution. Not only have they seen how revolutions are made, but they have made one, themselves. In this respect they stand a head higher than any other working people in the world. If you look sharply, you will discover in the eyes of the most backward Russian weaver, illiterate navvy, or clumsy apprentice, a spark of enlightenment that does not yet illumine the eyes of proletarians in those countries where a proletarian Revolution has not yet occurred. This spark, this flash of illumination, was born of the victory of the proletarian Revolution. This something expresses the whole reality of these great years of change — the whole heroism of these titanic, hallowed years. They saw all, they lived through all, they conquered the bourgeoisie. They, these suffering Russian workingmen and workingwomen, are in this sense more enlightened than the workers of any bourgeois country.

But this does not mean that in times

to come, when the workers of the more progressive nations have conquered their bourgeoisie, they may not overtake the Russian proletariat also in this respect. Only men who have a machine in their bosoms instead of a heart can fail to see this immortal element in the Russian Revolution. Moreover, this practical experience makes the Russian proletariat the pioneer, the advance guard of the international labor movement. It has given the Russian workers the power to lead, for several years, the whole Communist International.

Which serves the other — Soviet Russia the World Revolution, or World Revolution Soviet Russia? Our enemies never cease asking this question. Some busy themselves with it, seeking maliciously to sow discord in our midst, others merely because they are stupid. You wise owls! Which serves which? The foundation the roof, or the roof the foundation? Study the puzzle a little longer!

A tiny but at heart an immeasurably great practical experience of the Paris Commune made the uprising of the Paris proletariat fifty-one years ago immortal. That was the example it gave to the working people of the whole world of how the bourgeoisie is to be overthrown. The magnificent example given by the Bolshevik Revolution for five years bestows, in an incomparably higher degree, immortality upon the achievement of the Russian working classes. The Russian proletarian Revolution — whatever skeptics and those weak in the faith may say — lives in the heart of the working people of the whole world. It is for them a model which they will try to copy. It is their battle-cry, their hope, their guiding star. In a word, the immortal element of the Russian Revolution lies in the fact that it is the beginning of the World Revolution.

II

Five years have elapsed to-day since Russian soldiers overthrew Kerenskii's Government and proclaimed a dictatorship of the Soviets. For five years a Bolshevik dictatorship has ruled all the Russias. During the bloody history of these five years a tremendous transformation has occurred in Russia and in the Bolshevism that held sway over Russia. Five years ago the Revolution was a soldiers' uprising against war, against the man-crushing Jugger-naut of militarism; and the destruction of militarism was its essential aim.

To-day, after five years have elapsed, Bolshevism has ended by restoring the very militarism it destroyed five years ago. Within a few weeks the Soviet Government has issued a decree re-organizing the Red Army. That decree obliterates every trace of what the Revolution and the revolutionary ideals brought to pass in that army. Russia's military forces are now organized precisely like those of any imperialist Power. Universal service is compulsory. The limitation of that service to the proletariat, the prohibition of the bourgeoisie to bear arms, are no longer mentioned. The periods of service are one year and a half in the infantry, three years and a half in the cavalry and four years and a half in the navy. Training and discipline are modeled closely upon the regulations that we had in Austria before the war, and that existed in the Russian armies of the Tsars. Practice-mobilizations have been restored.

It sounds too absurd to be serious to hear the Tsarist General Tukhar-zhevskii, now in the service of the Soviet Government, extenuate this revival of militarism by asserting that the Second International believed in a militia, and the Third International believes in a standing army. For that

demand of the Third International was long since granted by the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, and it is fully met by imperialist France and Italy to-day. Czechoslovakia and Poland compete with each other in their eagerness to fulfill it.

The fact that the Soviet Government should have selected this time, at the very moment they are celebrating the fifth birthday of their power, to restore in its full vigor imperialist militarism, is an impressive symbol. What a path to trace! From the great revolution against militarism to the restoration of that institution by the heirs and beneficiaries of that revolution.

The peasant, in whose hands the war had placed weapons, used those weapons to destroy Russia's feudal land-system, to seize the fields of his landlord, to emancipate himself from feudal services and fees. That was the social content of the Revolution five years ago. The Russian Revolution fully attained this, its economic object. The peasant is the real winner by the last five years' experience, the real beneficiary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

But the Communists, who imagined they could use a peasant revolution to put into effect their own ideas, had a very different design five years ago. They believed the great uprising of the peasants was the beginning of a proletarian revolution, that the Russian agrarian revolution was the opening chapter of a world-wide uprising of the masses. And the social history of these five years in Russia is little else than the record of the struggle between the objective realism of the Russian peasant revolution and the subjective illusions of the Communists, who used that peasant revolution to set up an absolute Government of their own. Yes, the history of these five years may

be summarized as a victory of peasant common sense over fanciful Communist theories in the most backward country — industrially — of Europe.

Wherever Bolshevism has made itself the champion of peasant revolution, it has conquered. Wherever it has attempted to apply its wild ideas to the actual problems of economic life in Russia, as a champion of a Socialist transformation of society, it has been defeated. This is illustrated in the foreign history of the Soviet Republic. When fighting the reactionary Tsarist leaders, the Red Army has performed prodigies of valor and won brilliant victories; for then the Russian peasant was defending his land, the land which he had seized, against feudal reactionaries or counter-revolutionaries who would wrest it from him. But when the Soviet Government launched these same peasant soldiers against Poland in order to set up a Soviet Government in that country and to carry the gospel of Communism on the points of their bayonets to Germany, the Red Army was defeated. The peasant soldier refused to fight for Communism as a doctrine, which he did not comprehend and in which he felt no concern.

If we turn to the domestic history of the Soviet Republic during these five years, the lesson is the same. The peasant revolution has been achieved. The peasant is sitting fast upon the land that once belonged to his landlord. No power in the world can ever take it from him. But the illusion that a peasant revolution will end in setting up a Socialist society has vanished.

For four long years the Soviet Government tried to convert that illusion into reality. Rivers of blood have been shed for that cause. The Russian people have suffered nameless misery under the Utopian experiments of their dictators.

But a year ago Bolshevism capitulated to the relentless laws of economic necessity. It was forced to surrender its Communist plans and to restore capitalism. This is the sum and substance of the 'new economic policy.'

Communism and the pseudo-Socialist distributive organization have been dissolved. Free trade has been legitimized. Banks and exchanges have reappeared. Eight thousand factories and mines have been turned over to capitalist managers. A new bourgeoisie bearing, as it does in every country where inflation and depreciation have run riot, the ugly features of a profiteering class, has developed with uncanny rapidity and has seized control of the business of the country.

Simultaneously, the Government itself has taken on capitalistic features. Heavy indirect taxes and customs duties are levied. The overgrown bureaucracy is being reduced, Government industries are being abandoned.

Only one of the Communist illusions still survives. Fondly believing that they would speedily transform society and impose their institutions on the bourgeoisie and the peasants, the Bolsheviks built up a despotic party-tyranny, abolished personal freedom, subjected the whole nation to brutal police control. The expectations that were used to justify such measures have proved fallacious; they have been confessedly abandoned; but a despotic terrorist party-tyranny continues. The dictatorship no longer serves the cause of Revolution. To-day it only supports the rule of a minority.

Thus the Russian Revolution ends in an absolutism stripped of every revolutionary dream; just as the English Revolution of 1649 ended in the absolutism of Cromwell, and the French Revolution of 1789 in the absolutism of Bonaparte.

AN AUTUMN VISIT TO BAVARIA

BY AURIOL BARRAN

From the *Daily Telegraph*, November 15
(LONDON FRANCOPHILE CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I HAVE just returned from Munich. Taking this town as an example of economic conditions as they are to-day throughout the German Reich — here events have come to pass in the space of a few months that ordinarily would have taken years to become complete realities. There is a marked difference between the cost of the smallest commodity in May of this year and that in October. In the spring I paid 800 or 900 marks for a bedroom at a first-class hotel; in October, from 1,500 marks upwards, with an additional tax of 675 marks per day, compared to the previous sum of 405 marks. For a light French breakfast, consisting of tea, rolls, and coffee, I was charged 90 marks recently, instead of 40 marks.

These prices are *prix d'étrangers*, but they serve to illustrate the increase in the cost of living; for, although foreigners are made to bear the brunt, and are fleeced more than ever, yet even Germans have to pay according to the new tariff.

An ordinary table d'hôte luncheon cannot be had for less than 800 marks. A portion of spinach alone costs 90 marks, an omelet 80 marks, a portion of salad 50 marks, a fruit compote 100 marks, bread and a portion of butter 40 marks, trout 370 marks, and half of a chicken 820 marks. These quotations can only be rough estimates, for the standard of living changes daily. If you, or a German, go and dance at a night club or cabaret, your bill will come to something like 3,480 marks. In most places you are obliged to order

champagne. A bottle of 'Bubbly' will cost you 1,800 marks at least. A plate of fancy biscuits which is served with the wine is valued at 300 marks, a Prunier is the same price, and a small half-bottle of soda-water is 40 marks.

But, again, these figures are approximate, and can only be indicative of the change that has taken place recently, for these prices form a complete parallel to those existing in Austria last year. Even the ordinary taxi fare starts at 150 marks or more. The porter who carries your luggage at the railway station has a fixed tariff of 16 marks per parcel, and a tramway fare is 15 or 20 marks in Munich, though a little less in Berlin — compared to the nine kronen charged in Vienna in the early autumn of last year!

This sets one thinking. One has literally to train one's brain to get accustomed to reckoning everything in hundreds and thousands! You cannot buy anything — except a pencil — in a shop without starting at a hundred marks, and any article of clothing bears a fancy price of some thousands of paper notes. For any extensive purchasing it would be necessary to carry a suitcase to contain the requisite amount.

As I wrote during my last visit to Munich, the foreigner is fleeced mercilessly. Passports must be produced on arrival, and your expenses are assessed in dollars, pounds sterling, or francs, as the case may be. You pay according to nationality. The porter at your hotel has to vouch for this when ordering tickets at the theatre, where any stran-

ger is charged doubly, trebly, or five times as much as any German or Austrian. If you purchase the tickets yourself you have to declare your nationality before doing so. The same applies to museums, where an *Auslander* pays an entrance fee of something like 150 marks, a German or Austrian 50 marks or even less! The Bavarians are determined that no one with a foreign currency shall come and economize *chez eux* or profit by the exchange, and all sorts of more rigid restrictions are in force to prevent visitors from entering the country, owing to the shortage of food. Recently for a police permit authorizing me to remain a week in the Bavarian capital I was charged 4,000 marks on my British passport. And for a longer stay I should have to pay a further sum. One is often made to feel *de trop*, and held responsible — at least the country one represents — for the nation's individual hardships. Many people are getting 'sore' and take no pains to hide it; these give free vent to their feelings, blaming the Allies for everything, including the war. In the case of France no words of abuse are strong enough to express their hatred and loathing and the desire for revenge. I think one and all would fight against this neighbor if they had the means!

Though the bulk of Germany is no longer militarist, Bavaria is so still, because an army to them represents part of the appanage of a monarchy. How ultra-conservative Bavaria is it is perhaps hard to realize; also how much the entire nation lives on traditions handed down to them by their ancestors. These sentiments form a good and substantial buffer against attacks from the Bolsheviks.

With regard to militarism and the danger of a future war at some remote — or possibly not so remote — future date, it is probably not fully appre-

ciated how great is the influence of education upon the nation. It was the State schools and not so much the army that instilled patriotism and thoughts of revenge in the youth of the country. In these institutions young Germany received an excellent education and learned strict discipline. It is significant that up to 1913 only 40 per cent of young men served in the army, and in many cases their military service only extended over a period of twelve months. Contrast the school curriculum. This absorbed the youth of the nation — boys and girls alike, from five to fourteen; the most impressionable and malleable period of life. Here the lessons of discipline — merely another name for coöperation — were learned, sometimes at bitter cost: for flogging, although forbidden by the State, was effectively practised by severe schoolmasters.

Very much the same position exists to-day. Both schools and universities are potent factors in forming the character, the thoughts and sentiments of the nation. I mention this because recently I visited a school in Munich where a kind of active propaganda was taking place against the Allies by means of colored illustrations, cartoons, and maps on the walls of the classrooms. These illustrated the despoiling of Germany of her richest possessions by the Treaty of Versailles, and served to foment popular indignation against her present hardships — a result of the payment of Reparations and other evils. Such a poison cannot but permeate the masses in time and lead to far-reaching if not disastrous results.

It is well-nigh impossible to conceive how some of the ancient régime live. The Royal House of Bavaria itself is in a state of penury. Its various members can just afford to live in a small flat, with, perhaps, one or two servants at the most. Prince Ruprecht of Bava-

ria himself occupies only a floor of his Royal palace. The rest is let out in flats. This is partly due to the state of his finances, I imagine, and partly to the *Zwangseinquartierung* in operation here, as in other parts of Germany, owing to the acute shortage of houses. This law decrees that anyone in possession of rooms adjudged superfluous shall sublet these to the houseless. The House of Bavaria has no more saleable assets.

Formerly most of the Crown property, and even many of the personal effects of the Bavarian princes — such as family pictures, which were bequeathed to the national galleries — were renounced for the benefit of the State and for the endowment of the Civil List. Now, thanks to the revolution, this list is closed, and the new Government has appropriated these donations for its own uses. Thus, many who benefited or who derived their main source of income from this form of pension are in a bad plight.

It is necessary to visit the Bavarian nobility in their own homes and to talk to them to appreciate the full truth. During my stay in Munich I was fortunate enough to meet several of the prominent families who once lived in luxury. To-day the most luxurious keep a cook or a general servant, but the majority do their own housework or exist on the sale of their family portraits, if these have any intrinsic value, and any works of art, china, or porcelain they had been able to collect in happier days of affluence.

The wife of a prominent official with whom I was having tea said to me: 'You have no conception how terrible things are for us. My husband has an income of 60,000 marks, which before the war represented about £3,000. Compare what it represents to-day and what it purchases with what it meant in 1914! If I had not private means of

my own and did not hold foreign securities, I do not know how we should exist. In those days we lived in comfort. We had a motor, we always traveled first-class, and I took a maid everywhere. At present we picnic with one or two domestics at the most, having been accustomed to several men-servants. And yet we are infinitely more fortunate than most people in our situation, for a great many are completely ruined.'

The same lady told me of a sort of asylum for destitute ladies, which had recently been formed to assist cases of acute poverty. There were houses where impoverished gentlewomen could find a home by means of a payment of a small sum of money. Often these ladies deposited their entire fortune — a capital of some 20,000 marks — which ensured them a home for life. But as the cost of commodities soars daily their comforts must necessarily diminish, for these *Stifte*, as they are called, could no longer continue to keep up the same standard of living. Already they had been deprived of many of the necessities of life, reduced to one meal a day, and meat once a week, for the sum of 20,000 marks, although it sounds fabulous, is a mere nothing. One dress alone costs 60,000 marks.

Another lady, who also belongs to a well-known Bavarian family, showed me a dress which she had bought ten years ago, saying that she intended to wear it all the winter. 'We simply cannot get new clothes,' she said. 'My most up-to-date friends wear their 1914 wardrobe. We are only too thankful if, by some lucky chance, we have kept our old rags of another century.'

In whatever house you are invited to tea (the only meal they can afford to offer) you are given no fresh milk — generally no milk at all. Sometimes, as a great treat, a tin of condensed milk is placed on the table, with injunctions

from an abashed hostess to use it sparingly. She will hastily explain that with milk at 50 marks the litre they cannot possibly run to such an extravagance. This is a great hardship for young children, for professors' families and even workmen's children have to go without milk — also without butter, which stood at 380 marks to the kilo during my recent visit.

In this way the health of the nation will soon be affected. Already one notices passers-by in the streets with pale, drawn faces and traces of suffering and underfeeding. Individuals present a different appearance from what they did some months ago. One cannot but tremble at the approach of the winter, for what may not take place when people get really hungry and have no warm homes to go to? During my meeting with Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria he told me of a personal friend of his, a former general, who had commanded an army on the Eastern front, who remarked that he was 'feeling extremely weak, as he had not tasted meat for a month.'

I visited an orphanage supported by voluntary contributions. Here everything was scrupulously clean, and the children presented a well-cared-for appearance, but their faces were of a peculiar parchment color. This is not surprising, for, as I learnt later, they existed solely on a diet of potatoes, with a substitute for their morning coffee — a curious unwholesome mixture that took the place of this homely beverage. As the head of this institution remarked, 'They are healthy only because they lead an open-air life.'

With regard to the suffering of the upper and middle classes, it is significant to notice that a workman in Germany to-day earns 100 marks per hour, which, reckoned on a yearly basis, is equal to a Prime Minister's salary in 1914. And even so the laborer is not

better off than formerly, although he presents a prosperous appearance and is often better clad than a Herr Graf or a professor, who frequently cannot afford to buy a warm coat for the winter. But very soon there will be unemployment and labor trouble, due to the increasing shortage of funds for State enterprises. The communal purse is not elastic, and is not capable of adjusting itself to the ever-increasing rise in the price of commodities and the cost of labor. Another grave problem is the shortage of raw material. Ere long the supply must fail entirely. This cannot be renewed on account of the sinking value of the mark. A sinister outlook!

When one considers the discomforts of European traveling it is astonishing that one ever travels at all. The indignity of the customhouses and the rudeness of the officials must deter many from crossing the border. Boxes are ransacked and turned topsy-turvy, dirty hands finger your most alluring dresses, and you are not allowed, apparently, to have any article of clothing that is not a hundred years old. Whether a thing looks new or not, your integrity is questioned. I argued for twenty minutes with a Czech official about a fan which had been in my possession for two years and had lately returned from the shop where it had been mended. At the Czech-German frontier I saw a large cupboard full of *objets confisqués*. Among these were several books, ordinary novels. On inquiry I was informed that each traveler was only permitted to bring two books for his personal use into the country, and these must bear his signature on the front page. Chocolate is also forbidden, and any traveling trunk which does not present a battered appearance on leaving Germany is appropriated by the *douaniers*, or its owner is made to pay a tax amounting to more than the original cost. I heard of a case when an en-

tire trunk was emptied, its contents flung upon the floor, and the offending purchase confiscated! Another time a child was deprived of its shoes, as the soles looked new, and literally forced to continue his journey in midwinter in his stockinged feet! The very clothes on your back are examined, and fur coats are liable to be taxed unless you can prove where and when they were bought, or have had them previously stamped at another frontier.

Such are the joys of traveling to-day! I think things are made unnecessarily uncomfortable and disagreeable; and I have never seen such a muddle and confusion as at Strasbourg, where one has to pass through the French and German customhouses respectively. The space is so narrow that one is bumped and pushed and jostled, and almost has one's clothes torn off one's back. Travelers and porters carrying heavy suitcases knock one's shins and knees till one is black and blue all over with bruises. There is no courtesy, no help from the officials. . . . On arriving at the Gare de l'Est there is not a single porter to carry one's luggage!

But journeys are not without the comic element. Coming from Milan to Munich I was a witness of an incident which savoured of pure musical comedy — afterwards, *bien entendu*, for at the time it was singularly unpleasant. In the middle of the night a man entered my compartment. He insisted that there was room for him and a friend, turned up the light, and began to fight the other two male occupants of the carriage.

When they protested against this measure, pleading a righteous fatigue — for we had none of us been able to

sleep owing to the repeated demands for passports and tickets from innumerable ticket collectors and continuous visits from customs officials at the different frontiers all night long as it seemed — 'You are all going to do as I say,' he shouted wildly. 'Now we are in the Tyrol, and I am a Tyrolese, and you have to do as I wish.' So saying, he seized the two men by the scruff of the neck and flung them into the corridor.

This state of affairs continued for some time, and the situation was becoming alarming, when the lady in my carriage pulled the alarm signal. The train stopped, and after five minutes a sleepy guard appeared with a leaking lantern. Everyone shouted at once to the amazed official, each telling his side of the story.

'You must all get out at the next station and explain to the stationmaster,' was the humble reply to our excited adjectives. For he had not understood a word that anyone had pronounced! Accordingly we marched out at dead of night and declared our names, our nationality, our status and so on.

After listening to our story the stationmaster turned to the unfortunate man who had been attacked and, quite seriously, remarked, 'I am afraid I must fine you for pulling the alarm signal. You see, you should not have done so. This is done only in cases of extreme urgency — death, or something of the kind. Of course, if you had been killed —'

This was adding insult to injury; for the man who had attacked us all and made himself objectionable escaped scot-free, and the offended party was made to pay!

FUNDAMENTALS OF POLISH POLICY

BY A WARSAW CORRESPONDENT

[*This is a companion article to 'Fundamentals of French Foreign Policy,' printed in the Living Age of December 2.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, November 1, 2
(LIBERAL DAILY)

DURING the first years of its existence the Polish Government has been compelled to struggle with formidable problems, both foreign and domestic. Some of them were thrust upon Poland when she was liberated, and were unavoidable; others she owes to her own greed for territory and the chauvinism of her leaders. One third of the population of Poland consists of Germans, Jews, Ukrainians, Russians, and Lithuanians. A prudent policy, designed to promote peace at home and power abroad, would try to reconcile these discordant nationalities by a federal form of government. And indeed, Pilsudski and his Foreign Minister Narutovich, who has lived almost his whole life in Switzerland, proposed to do this.

However, the chauvinism of the National Democrats has defeated this wise and moderate policy. Pilsudski and Narutovich warned their countrymen against making Vilna and East Galicia integral parts of Central Poland and urged that these territories be granted extensive autonomy as federal States. But the Polish Nationalists insisted upon outright annexation. The result is that to-day Poland has an Ireland of her own in Ukraina, and has a mortal enemy in the Lithuanians, who refuse to have even postal and telegraph intercourse with Poland, and incontinently shoot any Pole who is imprudent enough to cross into their territories.

The Germans are indignant over the

way the German schools are discriminated against, and embittered by the unfair treatment that German settlers have received. They intend to be loyal citizens of Poland, but propose to preserve their language and customs. Any Government that assures the Germans these incontestable rights will have their hearty support and find them devoted helpers in restoring the economic prosperity of the country. Pilsudski's Government seems inclined to do this, although its good intentions have so far borne little fruit.

The Jews are divided into numerous groups and factions. At one extreme are the advocates of assimilation, who share the tastes and sentiments of citizens of Polish blood. This class consists mostly of bankers, wholesale merchants, professional men, and scholars. At the other extreme are the Jew Nationalists who are laboring tirelessly to erect a Hebrew State within the State. Pogroms, which were common two or three years ago, have ceased, and the Government is prompt to nip in the bud new demonstrations of that character. Nevertheless, the anti-Semite movement is as powerful and as bitter as ever. It aims to exclude the Jews from all social relations with the Poles, from scientific bodies, social clubs, and other organizations, and from the schools — although with notable exceptions to this policy in case of individuals. Since the Jewish population is more

than four million, it is decidedly contrary to public interest to foster such a policy of discrimination and mutual alienation. It is a most remarkable fact that a majority of the Jews, notwithstanding the way they are treated, are thoroughgoing Polish patriots, and in hours of peril — as for instance at the time of the Bolshevik invasion — they showed themselves loyal defenders of the country.

We have already remarked that the Ukrainians are an utterly irreconcilable element. In East Galicia they have interfered with the elections to the Polish parliament by a veritable reign of terror. The Russians in the eastern border territories are indifferent to public affairs and for the most part are too ignorant to form a political force to be reckoned with.

In a word, the Poles have it in their power to reconcile these various nationalities by wise, tolerant and conciliatory treatment. But wisdom, toleration, and conciliation are utterly alien to the Polish temperament; and for that reason the nationality question promises to weaken the Polish Government for many years to come.

A still more serious difficulty, however, is the business crisis, which continues to grow worse. We must not fancy that the successive economic disasters that are afflicting the country will prove fatal. Soviet Russia is a striking example of the ability of a nation to survive utter economic collapse. Poland has achieved many remarkable things during the past four years. Her fields, though repeatedly devastated by advancing and retreating armies, are again under cultivation. The potato crop is so large this season that peasants do not know what to do with it, and quantities are rotting in the fields. Wierzbicki, Director-General of the Industrial, Mining, and Commercial Union, points out that during the

first three years of independence Poland lived upon the surplus of the province of Posen; and he attributes this to the 'organizing talent' of the Posen Poles. But to-day Poland is feeding herself. She is primarily an agricultural State. This is indicated by the complexion of the last Parliament, where the peasants formed not the most educated element — indeed, many of the members could not read and write — but the most powerful, and I may add selfish, group.

Manufactures present a less encouraging picture. The only branch that shows evidence of prosperity is the textile industry, which is largely in the hands of Germans or Jews. The cotton and woolen mills of Lodz supply the domestic market and send their products to Rumania, through Danzig to Lettland, and even to India, where Lodz cottons compete with those of Manchester. Bialostok has recently sold woolen goods even in Japan, and the woolen mills of Bielitz-Biala, an exclusively German district, where traveling-rugs and army cloth are made, have almost entirely recovered from their recent vicissitudes. However, the textile industry is a brilliant exception. All other manufactures are prostrated by the almost complete breakdown of transportation.

Poland has, to be sure, restored its passenger service, although not sufficiently to satisfy the growing demands upon it. Trains run upon schedule and are efficiently operated. That is a commendable achievement when we consider the utter demoralization of the railways when they were taken over by the new Government. But freight traffic is still in a deplorable state. There is not enough rolling-stock. The Government has recently built new locomotive works in Upper Silesia, designed to furnish ten thousand locomotives within ten years. These shops are said to have delivered eighteen locomotives

tives the present season. But Poland must, for the time being, purchase most of her rolling-stock abroad, and she cannot get money to do so because of the almost microscopic value to which the Polish mark has fallen.

This brings us to Poland's finances, which are the darkest chapter in her recent economic history. The principal reason for this is the enormous cost of supporting an army much larger than she needs, and the absurd expansion of her civil service. The country now has more than 350,000 salaried Government employees. These sources of expense, instead of being curtailed, are growing steadily. The deficit for the current year is officially estimated at 130 billion marks, and it is generally anticipated that it will actually reach 522 billion marks. In January 1902 there were two billion marks of paper money in circulation. This present autumn the total has reached 350 billion marks! Poland's foreign debts, mainly to pay for deliveries of war material and flour, approximate 1000 billion marks; and the total public debt at the close of this year is reputed to have reached the incredible figure of 2400 billion marks (nearly \$200,000,000).

The value of the mark has naturally fallen precipitately as a result of growing treasury deficits and enormous inflation. Added to all this has been the effect on Polish exchange of the collapse of the German mark. It is true that the country has enormous assets, particularly in its forests. Volhynia alone can supply annually 200,000 cubic yards of hardwood and 500,000 cubic yards of pine timber. But lack of transportation makes it impossible to realize upon this natural wealth. Moreover, the country lacks machinery and working-capital. It is rather remarkable that the acquisition of Upper Silesia with its thriving industries,

which was expected to bring about a wonderful improvement in the public finances, had no effect in checking the rapid decline of the currency.

While the coal output of Upper Silesia has, upon the whole, remained normal, transportation is daily growing worse. When there are cars to haul the coal, they are often left standing on the tracks, and merely block the way for other trains. But in general there is an acute car-shortage, and the mines, not only in Upper Silesia but also in colliery districts of old Poland and in Teschen, are forced to store their coal on the banks or ship it to Germany. Since the sugar mills also require a large quantity of rolling-stock during the season, Polish factories are threatened with a coal famine the coming winter. The high hopes set upon the development of the petroleum industry have been disappointed. Crude oil production has declined rapidly since the fields came under Polish control. In 1919 they furnished 830,000 tons of crude oil; in 1921, 700,000 tons, and the present year scarcely 600,000 tons. The Government attributes this decline to the gradual exhaustion of the fields and not to incompetent administration.

This economic crisis makes Poland anxious to avoid war and sincerely anxious to preserve peace at any cost. Pilsudski does, indeed, regard Russia as an implacable enemy; but his attitude toward that country is purely defensive. During the late crisis on the Dardanelles, Pilsudski exerted his influence in Rumania in favor of peace, and his intervention did more than Europe realizes to prevent a renewal of hostilities. Pilsudski's first plan was to form a Baltic League for mutual protection against Russia. He failed to accomplish this, because Finland holds aloof and Lithuania, which will never forgive the loss of Vilna, remains Poland's relentless enemy. In fact, the illegal

seizure of Vilna has placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a common agreement against Russia. Pilsudski has another dream, however: to create a Middle-Europe Bloc against Russia. This would embrace not only Rumania but likewise Hungary, with Czechoslovakia, and possibly Austria. Pilsudski's last trip to Bucharest was for the purpose of strengthening and developing the present understanding between Poland and Rumania. But he could not bring about a reconciliation between Rumania and Hungary. Consequently, his plans in this direction also have encountered an insurmountable obstacle — unappeasable national hatred. Furthermore, Poland's relations with Czechoslovakia are too touchy and precarious to promise any hope that the mutual hatred of the two peoples will cool down. Their controversy over the tiny border territory of Jaworzina is magnified immeasurably beyond its true importance, and the Poles are bitterly indignant because the Czechs treat Poles under their rule precisely as the Poles treat the Germans in Poland.

Pilsudski's border-state policy coincides with the aim of France to encircle Germany. His efforts to enlarge and solidify the Little Entente are likewise in harmony with the aims of France. But Pilsudski is animated solely by Poland's interest, and this explains why he is hated more than any other man in Poland by ardently pro-French National Democrats and other Polish chauvinists. Every new Polish Premier hastens to declare that the Franco-Polish alliance will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the cornerstone of Poland's foreign policy. This alliance, however, threatens to make Poland practically a colony of France. Pilsudski aims merely to secure more freedom of action for his country inside the bounds of this

alliance. It is this modest effort at national self-assertion that his political enemies at home seem mainly to resent. Furthermore, Pilsudski's deep mistrust of Russia forces him to be more conciliatory toward Germany, with whom Poland's business relations are in any case intimate.

In spite of the so-called boycott against Germany last year, more than sixty per cent of all Poland's imports came from that country, and nearly twenty-seven per cent of her exports went to Germany. These figures do not include large quantities of goods shipped by roundabout channels through Austria, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic States, in order to evade the German embargo upon exports to Poland. This close economic interdependence makes the commercial treaty now being negotiated the most logical thing in the world. In spite of that, the Polish manufacturers' associations are fighting it bitterly, and even the experts in the Ministry of Commerce are opposed to it. This attitude is due not only to fear of German competition, but to an innate hostility to our country.

Pilsudski's plans with regard to Russia have received a serious set-back as a result of the recent visit by Herriot, the radical mayor of Lyons, to Moscow. We need not accept at coin value all the French press tells us of Herriot's success; but it is obvious that France wants to establish better relations with Russia, and that Moscow is making the most of that attitude. Since the Polish National Democrats have concentrated their hostility upon Pilsudski, who is a mortal enemy of Russia, an absurd political situation has arisen; for the most reactionary party in Poland is made to figure as the friend of the Soviet Government, and to take the position of championing closer relations with that country. Chicherin, during his recent visit to Moscow, made

no secret of the hopes he set upon a Polish National-Democratic victory.

This has resulted in a remarkable and sudden shifting of the scenery on the political stage. The Polish Government has apparently reversed its course 180 degrees. At least, newspapers standing close to the present cabinet are printing articles suggesting that Poland might act the part of honest broker between Russia and France. To be sure, the country will find that an irksome rôle, for in spite of a cordial tone that seems to have prevailed during the confidential conversation between Litvinov and Chicherin and the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, the confidence of Polish politicians in the amiable virtues of the

Bolshevist leaders is not quite unshakable. Moreover, France hardly needs Poland's mediation if she really wishes to reach an understanding with Russia.

So the foreign policy of Poland continues vacillating and uncertain. The Government is living from hand to mouth, both in respect to home problems and foreign problems. Any day may see a complete reversal of the present situation. The elections are being fought upon the issue of Pilsudski and his whole political system. Their results are consequently of the utmost importance, not only for Poland herself but for all her neighbors, whose affairs are inextricably entangled with those of Poland.

REMOTER RUSSIA

BY GEORG CLEINOW

From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, November 3, 7
(BERLIN STINNES DAILY)

I SPENT six days, from the eleventh to the seventeenth of September, upon the tidy, clean little steamer Feodor, descending the Volga and ascending the Kama to Perm. I was in the latter city sixteen days, and am now in Ekaterinburg, where I have been nearly a week and expect to remain until the seventeenth of October.

While at Nizhni, I made several trips into the country on foot, on a bicycle, in an automobile, on horseback, and by water; and from Perm I made a long carriage-journey of nearly two hundred miles through the departments of Olshansk and Sarapul. During my first five days in Ekaterin-

burg I have visited five mines and smelters in the neighboring district.

During all this knocking about the country I have never been interfered with or had a feeling that I was being watched. I have lodged in dirty hotels, overheated peasant cabins, dreary railway waiting-rooms, cattle-cars, and museums — surrounded by skeletons, fossils, stuffed snakes and animals, and specimens preserved in spirits. I have traveled through the country on the carts of peasants hauling timber; I have talked with peddlers and factory workers in fourth-class railway cars, and with foreigners and profiteers in International *Wagons-lits*. I have met uni-

versity professors and students, Communists, non-partisans, Monarchists and former adherents of Kolchak. I have found everywhere former war-prisoners, who spent up to five years in Germany, and Germans who are trying to preserve their traditions at any cost in the country they have now made their home. I have discoursed with Russian priests of all three schools, and have tried to familiarize myself at first hand with the controversies that are shaking the Orthodox Church to its foundations. I have visited the house where Nicholas II and his family met their frightful fate, and have had a long conversation with a man who took part in the execution. He now occupies a prominent position in the Educational Department!

My journey has taken me through deserted villages and also across fertile prairies, where golden harvests were ripening in the sunshine. I have seen dying cities and pulsating hives of industry. I have witnessed bestial brutality and selfish grasping after power, and I have seen noble examples of modest, self-sacrificing service.

Now that I look back upon my late experiences, I realize that in respect to personal security the situation is not quite so normal as I supposed. During my trip, however, there were only two occasions when I wished I had a revolver: once on a country highway and again at a little way-station on the railroad. The letters of recommendation given me by high officials in Moscow and by Karl Radek won me a cordial welcome only in places where the Communists are in full control. Along the railway I should often have got along better if I had not shown such introductions.

Reviewing my trip as a whole, the city and district of Perm seem farthest from recovery under the new economic policy — in other words, in the worst

condition. I never saw Government machinery working so utterly at cross-purposes as there. The towns and villages along the Kama, most of which were destroyed by the Whites during the Kolchak campaign — a countryside without either children or domestic animals — have left another dark picture in my memory.

The whole Kama valley is a laboratory of bold political experiments. During the journey we passed through four 'autonomous territories' including the 'Tatar Republic' with its capital, Kazan. Critics of the Soviet system interpret this as a sign of national disintegration. However, a former Assistant Secretary in Kolchak's Cabinet considered that the generous autonomy granted these national minorities only proved that Russia's sovereignty was still vigorous and powerful enough to mould its plastic materials in any form desired. The new system, he said, reconciles extreme economic concentration with a maximum of political elasticity. And indeed, here at Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Ural Economic Department, where Russians, Kirghiz and Bashkir labor shoulder to shoulder to work out their economic salvation largely after their own fashion, I am more impressed than ever with the extent to which Moscow's system of centralizing the control of production has been carried out all over the country.

As a conscientious investigator of life in Russia to-day, who believes nothing that he does not see with his own eyes, I purchased my railroad tickets in Moscow as a private person: that is, without resorting to official pull. It is an experiment that I urgently caution others against trying.

It was practically impossible to secure admission to the central railway ticket-office at the Hotel Metropol. Ticket speculators packed the approaches to the building, as they do the

entrances to the theatres. Two hundred people were already standing in queue, waiting for their turn. Every fifteen minutes or so two or three of these would be admitted to the almost empty office; and from time to time a messenger would come out, bringing a ticket to one of the waiters in the line. After a while a man addressed me, inquired where I wanted to go, and offered to secure me a ticket on the Fair Train to Nizhni for forty million rubles. I refused the offer, for I knew that the regular price was but twenty million; and I betook myself to the Kursk station.

At the latter place a porter at once addressed me. He also was ready to get me a ticket for forty million, if I paid in advance. He left me and my luggage with a contemptuous scowl when I politely refused his offer. The other porters, who were watching us, likewise drew away from me, or else demanded ten or twelve million rubles for carrying my hand luggage.

Later somebody whispered to me: 'The porters have bought up all tickets for the cushioned cars. If you buy a ticket from them, they won't charge you so much for carrying your luggage.'

A little later I secured an order from the station chief and stood at the ticket window, at the head of a line of a hundred and fifty men. A notice was hung out, saying: 'Unsold — eleven cushioned, thirty-six uncushioned seats.' So the porters had not bought all the tickets. Shortly before the ticket window opened, twelve people presented themselves, one after another, with special orders. These orders entitled them to a particular position in the waiting-line. My order entitled me to the third place. A station guard, who supported his authority with a long rifle and reproved the line of waiting passengers for their impatience,

remarked that I must have 'good connections.'

Since then the courts have taken up this abuse; and thirty porters, sixty police officers, eleven station employees, seven guards, nine other railway employees and thirty-eight private persons have been arrested at Moscow alone for bribery, extortion, and speculation in connection with railway tickets.

On the waterways conditions are far worse than on the railways. The crews on the Volga and Kama steamboats have established, by their corrupt practices, a recognized monopoly of trading rights. From the captain down to the humblest deck-hand, every one has his private graft. This autumn they are trading mainly in apples, melons, tomatoes, beeswax, honey and eggs. According to his capital, each member of the crew brought on board, when we touched at Makarievo on the Volga, anywhere from two to one hundred crates of apples, and when we touched at Kazan, from ten to a hundred melons, transshipped from an Astrakhan steamer. These were retailed to the people along the way during our four days journey up the Kama, at a profit of from one hundred to two hundred per cent. The scarcity of fruit in the departments of Viatka, Ufa and Perm will be realized when I say that at several stopping-places milk and eggs would be given only for apples in exchange. At Olshansk, a local seat of government on the Kama, children asked five apples for a half-litre bottle of milk, but would not accept money.

Naturally, the members of the crew do not personally make these sales. By no means! The captain, the pilot, the engineers, have their wives with them. The ordinary deck-hands have a confidential agent. Whenever the boat ties up to the bank, buyers throng to the gangplank asking: 'Apples? Melons?' Some one answers from the boat. Ar-

ticles are bartered back and forth before she starts again.

This kind of 'free trading' naturally invites all the abuses that accompany every kind of corruption; but in addition, it stifles legitimate commerce. During my six-days travel on the river from Nizhni to Perm, I did not discover, although I inquired carefully for one, a single retail merchant. Naturally, I make an exception of wholesalers. The itinerant lecturers of the Communist Party and various officials of the Government, all of whom traveled free, each had from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds of merchandise with them, which they peddled to customers en route. But I naturally do not class them with regular traders. During our whole trip, the retail business was monopolized by the crew. They would have promptly put an end to legitimate trade, had regular merchants tried to compete with them, by charging impossible prices for freight and for loading and unloading.

The deck-hand who carried my hand luggage on board demanded and received six million rubbles.

Let me give a still more striking example. The American Relief Administration put on board at Kazan between thirty and forty tons of beans to feed the starving people at Elabuga. When

we reached that point, the deck-hands would not carry these beans ashore unless they were given twenty poods — some 750 pounds — for themselves. Finally they were promised twelve poods, to which three poods were subsequently added to get them to work faster.

This incident may help to explain how food- and seed-grain came to be shipped out of many famine districts last winter. So long as these conditions continue on the Volga and Kama steamers, it will be impossible either to revive ordinary commerce or to make the steamboats pay their cost of operation.

Such corruption is not confined to transportation lines. The extreme scarcity of goods and deeper causes also encourage similar practices wherever an article of necessity is obtainable or is to be provided in any Government office, institution, or hospital. Even the best managed institutions are victims of their environment.

Two conditions encourage this universal demoralization: the indolence and apathy that the Communist system of production begets in everybody, and the reluctance of the non-Communist servants of the Government to help along a system in which they do not believe.

A MEXICAN LANDSCAPE

BY GABRIELA MISTRAL

From the *Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, November
(PARIS AMERICAN-AFFAIRS REVIEW)

HERE in the valley of Mexico the landscape is so novel to my eyes that it disconcerts me even as it enchants me. I have lived many years among mountains; but those were rugged, broken mountain-peaks, stern as Hebrew prophets, stubborn and impregnable.

Here, too, I am surrounded by a mountain embrace—but how different!

The Anahuac Plateau has an average height of nearly eight thousand feet above the sea level. It is dominated by three summits—Popocatepetl; Iztaccihuatl, and Ajusco. They are isolated from each other and do not make the impression of a solid wall, like our Cordilleras of Santiago. To an observer on the plateau they fail to reveal their true height, which exceeds seventeen thousand feet. Their outlines are gentle and pure, reminiscent of the art of Donatello: no mighty buttresses—just slopes and hills ascending softly to summits that cut into the sky. The Creator who shaped these mountains surely was no Old Testament Jehovah: not even the mighty God of Rodin. He was a Lord who moulded his earth with a gentle hand; I think of Anatole France's eulogy of Florence while I contemplate this masterpiece of nature. I cannot think of it as the mighty mountain chain it is: it seems a work of art.

Of all three, Iztaccihuatl appeals to me most. The word means the White Woman. The outlines of the mountain resemble those of a reclining woman; and the immaculate purity of the eter-

nal snow completes the loveliness of the vision.

My house in the suburbs of Mexico City faces Iztaccihuatl. I greet her every morning, when I open my windows, as I would greet my protecting goddess. How beautiful these mornings are, when the dawn leaps down into the valley from that cloudless summit!

The Mexican skies are marvelous. They are limpid during the early morning hours but always with a skirting of clouds clinging to the mountain peaks that form the farthest line of the horizon. Gradually, as the day advances, this cloudy circle draws nearer; it thickens and darkens, and the daily afternoon rain begins to fall.

This is no more than a light, passing shower, a weakened replica of the distant storm. There, upon the summit line, the tempest must be beautiful and awesome; but its echo is all that reaches the centre of the valley.

Since my stay in Cuba I have been growing familiar with the Wagnerian epic of thunderstorms and lightning. They disturb no one here, but at first they frightened me so that I turned pale. I shall never forget the gigantic stream of lightning that played fantastically over Cuba the night we approached that island. I gazed at it and trembled; but now I sleep soundly while the mother-mountains send forth their terrific music. It has become to me a wonderful song of the summits, and I close my eyes in confidence. . . .

This daily shower is a heavenly bless-

ing for Mexico. It is much needed, and very refreshing, although one is never conscious of intense heat in these places. The rain ceases toward six or seven o'clock in the evening, and the earth exhales a balmy vapor. The lakes around Mexico City are all drained; some say that they were drying up naturally, and that the process was only hastened by 'Don Porfirio's' engineers. The soil around the city consists of a fine sand that rises in clouds of light dust with every passing breeze. But the rain lays this dust and causes that limpidity of the atmosphere which, for me, is the greatest beauty of this landscape.

I have never seen yet the richly colored evening skies of which Mexicans tell me. They are not due until winter comes.

The Mexican sky seems vast compared with ours, which is limited by the Cordilleras. The clouds are fleecy and light, and seem to be speedier in their movements. High above me, they appear to trace a fantastic world of their own, which I sometimes watch for an entire afternoon from my veranda. Their play is graceful and purposeless during their march toward the zenith, which ends in the never-failing afternoon rain.

I have not seen many clear nights. They will come with the winter — the reverse of what we have in South America.

The sunlight of this land is a daily joy. During my first days here it was a continuous ecstasy with me, succeeding the ecstasy of the sea. I could not more than half open my eyes — the light was too intense; but I received it as a mystic thing — as the Aztec must have received it, I imagine. This sunlight used to be my childhood companion; I had lost it for many years, and now I have it again.

In the valley where I was born we

have the same light. It courses in my blood and glows in my heart. My later years of residence in a cold country were a severe privation, accustomed as I was to consider this sunshine almost as indispensable as my daily bread. Now that I have it again, I refuse to lose a particle of it — not for a single morning. This radiance sings in my veins; I praise it all the time, with an enthusiasm the Mexicans cannot understand, because they have never known the desolate gloom of colder and cloudier climates.

This sunlight is not the blinding blaze of Cuba, which seemed to burn up my eyes and almost prevented my seeing that island, to which I gave the name, 'rose of fire,' because it has the incandescent beauty of burning coals. The light here is alive, but does not dazzle you. The colors it burns into the landscape are neither crude nor harsh. All the way from Panama to Cuba I kept thinking of the pampas. How reproduce these rainbow colors that are so marvelous in nature, but look untrue and exaggerated on canvas?

The climate here is the product of the three elements I have described: altitude, rainfall and sunlight.

Vera Cruz was very hot, though less so than Habana. But a four-hour ride brought us to Jalapa, a city with the refreshing coolness of the temperate zone.

Mexico greeted me with her soft, caressing sky. The gentleness of the climate suggests something imponderable. I shall not say that it is the best climate in the world. Too many use this phrase with a certain 'geographic patriotism,' even though they have not seen one fourth of the world. . . . I can only say that the climate of the Mexican plateau is an inexpressible delight. By way of definition of a good climate, I want to recall a memory. Once, in a friendly circle, we were de-

fining the idea of 'excellent'; and we found that excellence consists in making one forget that a thing is excellent. The best style is one that does not call to the reader's mind the thought of style. Saintliness is a moral condition superior to all doubt, all difficulty, all spiritual struggle. The best climate is one where you are never conscious of either heat or cold — the very essence of climate. Here there is just enough warmth to produce a sensation of comfort. If you walk for a long time, you feel tired because of the high altitude, but never hot.

I can appreciate the importance of a perfect temperature. At Punta Arenas I used to reflect that the horrible cold was a moral evil. It made me egoistic and self-centred: I lived absorbed entirely in my stove and my benumbed body. . . . At Habana, again, I spent four days wholly occupied in accommodating myself to the heat. In Mexico I can devote my undivided interest to other things, and completely forget such questions of personal comfort. The gentleness of the climate does not make for inactivity. To the poor, who are deprived of worldly sources of comfort, this climate must be a blessing. However, those who are born here cannot perhaps appreciate this blessing, or have that perennial delight in it that I experience. My eyes descend from the sky line to the Valley. (I use this word 'valley' only out of respect for official geography. The Anahuac is not what we call a valley in Chile. It is too large: it is rather an extended plain, almost perfectly horizontal.) The Valley of Mexico is surrounded by vast fields — pas-

tures with a few sparse trees: cottonwood, *huejotes* that look like our tall poplars, and ash. These trees remind me of the landscapes of Corot; they have the staid elegance of certain human figures.

This land is so unlike our country with its gorges where the *materolles* give the impression of dark, cool grottoes. Here the plain lies fully exposed and bathed in sunshine. The fields of the neighboring estates are separated by long lines of agave (maguey), the characteristic plant of this region. Its immense wide leaves are eight or ten feet long, the color of ashes, ending in a claw-like tip, and spreading out on all sides of the plant, like jets of water. The height of a mature agave is from six to ten feet. The tough and thick leaves yield a fibre called *pita del maguey* which is a valuable textile material. The Indians of the plateau weave excellent fabrics out of it. Another variety of this plant, very abundant in Yucatan, yields henequen, from which a kind of artificial silk and the best twine in the world are made.

During my journey from Jalapa to Mexico I expressed my admiration of the maguey as an ornamental motif in the landscape, whereupon a traveling companion remarked: 'Yes, it is a beautiful but a satanic plant. The Indian extracts from it a delicious liquid which is fermented into pulque and distilled into mescal — potent national beverages that are a terrible menace to the people.'

It is true. But the noble and decorative maguey is not to blame for that.

THE LONG JOURNEY

BY JOHANNES V. JENSEN

[Johannes V. Jensen, who is sometimes suggested as a possible future Nobel prize-winner, has written an interpretation of the evolutionary process in the form of fiction, under the title, The Long Journey (Den Lange Rejse). Jensen is said to have worked for fifteen years over his book, which is in five volumes, severally entitled: The Lost Country, The Glacier, Norne-Guest, The Ship, and Christopher Columbus. We reprint below the first English translation from the original Danish.]

IN the forest stands a great mountain, belching forth fire, its black scarred head piercing the clouds, while palms grow at its foot. This is during those thousands of balmy years, with their eternal summer, before the glacial period. In the daytime the volcano sends a pillar of smoke toward the heavens; immense masses of steam blend with the uppermost clouds, miles in the air; but during the night the monster smoulders deep down in its gory red abyss, now and then hurling flames and red-hot stones toward the moon.

Such is Gunung Api, the great thunderer, father of the earthquake and of fire. Through the ages he stands alone, while from the fire within him come tremors and a sort of subterranean rumbling. It is as if the mountain felt amused. Gunung Api very seldom lets himself be seen. He surrounds himself with clouds, so as to be alone; wraps himself in vapors and sleeps.

But sometimes in a star-lit night Gunung Api strikes off the gloom before his countenance, to cool the crater and his lava bosom in the ether. It is then that a gigantic cone stands outlined in the dark, its foot spread over half of the horizon and the top reaching toward the zenith. It is Gunung Api who bares himself before the firmament to show it his size. The stars spread themselves before him in a mass of luminosity; the Milky Way turns and twists under

the topmost chambers of the celestial night; up goes the moon, round and pale; slowly the heavens turn and turn in such a way as to make the effulgent rays visible from every side.

And now Gunung Api sends forth clouds of sulphur, and he summons lightning with which to illuminate his whole immense nakedness. Furrowed and blackened as he is from head to foot, the lightning flashes reveal fearsome fissures on his body. Below him lies the primeval forest; beyond, hundreds of miles of level ground, through which a great river curves. In the far distance is the ocean. And yet, all beneath him is infinitesimal in comparison.

All at once the stars twinkle curiously as a fine cold wind blows slowly through the ether. Gunung Api wraps his head in an electric storm that has the semblance of a many-colored crown. The heavens make answer with a ghost-like silence while the aurora borealis plays over the scene. In this manner do Gunung Api and the firmament take each other's measure. Powers like these are rivals in dignified silence, in quiet contemplation, without words.

The stars pale at last — and is it not as if Gunung Api is laughing? A mile down in the earth there is a rumbling, and Gunung Api opens a rift in his side to snort out steam. That is how he shows his gay mood. Out of the crater's mouth pours a veritable rain of sparks. Gunung Api cannot keep from cough-

ing, and it almost seems as if he is shaking on his foundation. Certainly the stars are there, and he respects them; but for all their numbers, how small!

After a little while comes daybreak, the heavens swinging upward from the East, bathed in an all-powerful dawn, the youthful precursor of the day. Pillars of light, shaped as a fan, throw a bridge across half of the celestial canopy. It begins to get lighter; heaven bursts into flame as out of the East springs the sun.

But Gunung Api has already turned his back on the battlefield. He is occupied with gathering mists around him; with him it is one thing at a time. Let the day be for those who care. So far as he is concerned he will bury himself in a torrent of rain and let the landslides slip from his flanks. He flashes lightning through the haze, sends pumice stone and muddy streams of water down his sides.

With his mantle of clouds pulled high up over his face, Gunung Api once more goes to sleep. But each time he takes a little nap the forest steals surreptitiously up along his body, and when he wakes again he finds that trees many thousands of years old have struck root, and that all kinds of animals have come with them. Gunung Api yawns lazily, at the same time emitting a stream of red-hot lava. In the air the birds burst into flame where they are flying. They become tiny sparks, which are extinguished the moment they strike the earth. The waters turn into boiling caldrons with steam ascending heavenward. The fish lie dead on the bottom, charred and crisp. For miles and miles the forest is a mass of fire, and the next instant nothing remains but a heap of scalding ashes.

Upon the conflagration comes a rain of stone. Day takes its leave; primeval darkness reigns; and when Gunung Api's violent eruption ceases he once

more cools his sooty form before the returning starry gleam, while desolate fields of sulphur stretch at his foot where the daring forest once braved his displeasure.

Gunung Api dreams. From the mouth of the crater the lava sinks down to the old seas of fire in the depths below. Here memories are stirred. Once upon a time the whole earth was surrounded by an ocean of fire, but things are no longer as they were. Originally the fire had to contend with but a few floating islands, but these became continents, and when the continents struck up companionship the fire was kept in bounds.

When the earth's crust had cooled, immense torrents of rain descended, once more forming oceans. The waters rose and fell — but what a difference from the time when all was one sea of fire! Gunung Api takes delight in driving his fire toward the heavens in the shape of steam, but it does not reach far. When the ocean came down from the heavens the blue expanse above was created. It was the dawn of life on earth.

When the waters had become sufficiently cooled, living things began to appear. Fermentive processes stirred the soil into action. Herbs joined in wedlock with the sun and rain, and the forest was the issue. All this took place very slowly, through countless ages, and in all that time fire was held back within its bounds, finding an outlet for its passion only through the mouth of Gunung Api. On such occasions it worked destruction as far as it could reach, but it fell short of the destruction that it wished to wreak. The molluscan life on earth assumed more and more different shapes, the forest kept spreading out, fertility reigned.

But suppose the fire should once more gain its liberty? Suppose the earth should be rent asunder, should

become fluid once more, a melting mass, breathe fire and flame, become a fiery ocean as in the beginning of time, drive the water from the universe, go up in itself as one eternal blaze? Ho, ho!

A faint cloud of fire rises from Gunung Api, and like a ring settles itself around the top of the mountain: a soulful halo surrounding the head of one who dreams.

The forest in the meantime has started afresh from the foot of the mountain. First it is sending lichens and mosses up over the rocks, later such advance guards as herbs and bushes, until a thicket has been formed, where the trees can stretch themselves to their full height and become strong. Birds and animals return with the coming of the forest. Thus do Gunung Api and the forest keep battling on.

Far down below, beyond the reach of the volcano, over the whole continent from ocean to ocean, stands the primeval forest with trees in closed array. Here and there are inland seas, and rivers cut in many directions; but trees and all other vegetation break their bounds on shore and their roots serve them for stilts as they wade out to seek bottom. Deep within the forest are great open spaces, grassy plains, swamps, and elevated ground; but outside once more, immense woods. The world is one great forest.

Yes, such were the mighty forests of the earth before the glacial period: in Europe, throughout Asia and Siberia, Arctic America, Greenland. Boundless on every side, over three continents and around half of the globe, the forests stood in their primitive glory, untouched, obeying no other law than the decrees of the weather and the heavens.

Changing from age to age, the forest utilized its primeval powers, seeking after new and unknown tasks. Places

were found for things of simple growth. Black pines stood in the blazing sun and blended their exuding resin with the volcanic soil. Camphor and cinnamon trees, palms, breadfruit, and bananas grew in the Scandinavian forest.

The forest put forth special efforts now to create new varieties. Here is a particularly delicate shoot, so young and so lovely; it is to become the great oak. Other kinds, lithe stems, with habits that the older, evergreen trees could never have imagined, flock together in little companies, arrange as best they may where they shall grow up: the young ash, the rowan, the lime tree. They are feeling their way toward the future, sensing something new in the atmosphere, preparing to take on strength when such a time arrives that even the mighty camphor tree must give up the fight.

Almost imperceptibly the seasons begin to set their imprint on the forest.

The elements affect the forest — the sun, the wind, the rain. How changeable they are — but not a single mood is lost on the forest. The sunshine turns the leafage green; it bows its head before the wind; when the rain falls, it slakes its thirst in quiet. Whatever happens, the forest remains, but it does not forever look the same.

Adversity and luxuriance together make the forest. The trees are one great company growing up together, standing in the warm decaying soil, watered by a lukewarm rain or under a blazing sun. And what a rivalry to be the first to reach the light above! Anything to force the neighbor aside. A merciless race is going on forever.

And who is the strongest? Just ask the forest; it will explain. Look at the giant tree and the creeping plant. Two kinds of growths defy each other: the one of gigantic stature, with its tall and mighty trunk anchored deep down in

the earth, the other a thin little thing creeping about in the swampy ground — a colorless stalk, apparently without the slightest hope of ever being able to raise itself by its own strength above the primeval trees.

The battle begins. The colossus girds its loins, adds ring after ring to prove its advancing age, until the bark splits open; keeps forcing itself upward through the verdant fastness like some mighty pillar; spreads itself at last as a leafy dome and makes friends with the sun, the dew, and the breeze. From those green tents above, the trunk appears as an immense column losing itself in a dim well below — the forbidden underworld.

But down there the creeper has begun to work. It extends itself — becomes longer and longer, although it is no thicker than a finger. It knows full well that in order to stand up a trunk is needed, and what is easier than just to worm itself up along others thus supplied? That is exactly what the creeping plant does. It borrows the giant's solid mast for its upward journey, traveling not in a straight line but in a spiral, fastening its tendrils in the tree as it takes to itself the nutritious sap. At last, without any outlay of its own, it reaches the light beyond, in the glorious crown of the giant. And having come thus far, it takes on new energy, envelops the treetop with its own hungry leafage, springs into flowers — great gaping funnels, out of the mouths of which stretch silver threads and golden, with an overpowering odor. The underworld exposes itself to the sun in its complete nakedness.

The giant falls a prey to the parasite; the slinking insidious worm actually gets the best of the pride of the forest. When the powerful trunk is cast down, the rope-like stems of the liana remain hanging, screw-prop fashion, and the

height and the thickness of the tree may be judged from the contour of the creeping mass.

Cruel is the forest, but is it not also bounteous? The forest takes nourishment only that it may nourish others. Is not the grapevine a creeping plant? Over the corpse of the colossus that it has killed it drapes its luscious clusters, a world of sweetness.

Man reached the Scandinavian forests before the glacial era — those wild but joyous forests where no other law reigned than nature's own. He went out from there together with the animals whose fate he shared during the succeeding years of metamorphosis. The glacial period taught man to arm himself against adverse conditions and to obtain sustenance when nature itself denied him this. The first time man survived the winter and invented a place in which to live and something to wear — that must have been the dawn of consciousness.

This event in the development of humankind is even more decisive than the erect posture which some employ to distinguish between man and animal. Birds also walk on two legs. Man's origin is not to be sought in that way. Something more is needed. No animal ever took fire into its service. At the moment when primitive man makes fire subject to his will, uses it to prepare his food, to protect him against the weather, and to furnish light — at that moment does man enter history as man.

The man of the glacial era received fire as a transmission from still more primitive ancestors; it was the holy fire. It is the great achievement of the man of the ice age that he could produce fire of his own. In producing it artificially after it had been extinguished, he gave the first sign of germinating culture.

WAGNER RECONSIDERED

BY LOUIS N. PARKER

[Mr. Parker is perhaps best known to Americans as the author of *Disraeli*, *Pomander Walk*, and other successful plays. He is also a composer, however, and has written several cantatas and many songs. The article reprinted here is from the first number of a new English quarterly.]

From the *Golden Hind*, October
(ARTISTIC AND LITERARY QUARTERLY)

I CAN only write concerning things I myself have seen or heard, so that whatever I write takes on an autobiographical form. This must be my apology for the much too frequent 'I's' with which this paper is studded.

I have headed my paper 'Wagner Reconsidered.' By whom? By me. That is, of course, ridiculous. As well might the mouse patronizingly reconsider the mountain that had given it birth. Yet even a mouse has a right to reconsider the mountain if he do not take himself too seriously; if he do not display too blatantly the little button on the top of the Grand Panjandrum. Far be it from me to lay down the law; far, far be it from me to say, 'This or That *is* so.' All I venture to say is that I think it is so; all I can be sure of is that it seems so to me.

In the seventies Richard Wagner filled the world; not the musical world only, but the dramatic, the literary, the philosophical, and, to some extent, even the political world. Particularly on the Continent. It must be very difficult for the present generation to realize the kind of unrest, of turmoil, that Wagner's theories, his music, his earliest dramas, even his mere name created when they began to percolate into the placid contentment with the mediocre in music which characterized the period between 1870 and 1890.

We Victorians had one great merit — we were enthusiasts. If we liked a

thing, we went for it bald-headed, and if we disliked it there were wigs on the green — which amounts to the same thing. We were passionate partisans, and opposite camps said things about each other in language which left nothing to the imagination. A large dictionary is entirely devoted to the names his enemies called Wagner. A still stouter volume could be (but, I am sorry to say, has not been) compiled, of the names Wagner called his enemies. At Bayreuth, in 1876, the opponents bashed each other with stone beer-mugs. In England it was at first a one-sided fight. Abuse was showered on Wagner, and he had no defenders. The great musical critics were anti-Wagnerian, almost to a man. Chorley thundered in the *Athenæum*, and Joseph Bennett danced on what he thought was Wagner's prostrate form, in the *Telegraph*. As the old birds sang, so the chicks piped.

What one notices as a chief characteristic of the work of these early critics of Wagner is that they never tried to understand him; that they took no pains to find out what he was driving at. They just put their heads down, shut their eyes, folded back their ears, and butted at him. After every butt they thought they had butted him out of existence, and they were surprised and pained to find he was still alive and kicking — kicking ferociously.

In the musical circles in which I

moved, the name of Wagner was anathema. So were other names — Liszt, Berlioz, Schumann; and you had to be a little cautious in your praise of Beethoven beyond a certain opus-number, as most people shrugged their shoulders at the later works, and said Beethoven was stone-deaf when he composed them, and only the stone-deaf could listen to them with pleasure. To have confessed oneself a Wagnerian would have been to incur the peril of ostracism, not so much because of his music — which few people knew anything about — as because he had dared to belittle Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. I do not rake up all this foolishness to revive dead quarrels, but in order to show the sort of passive resistance there was to Wagner — the sort of amorphous wall that was built up against him, behind which young students were carefully sheltered from his malign influence.

But the moment you build a wall round youth, youth contrives by hook or crook to peep over it; and, however fair the garden within may be, the mysterious vistas without are infinitely more attractive. So it was with us. The more we were told that Wagner was the devil, the keener we were to get a glimpse of his horns.

Things happened to help us. That fine artist and great gentleman, Hans von Bülow, came to England and played Beethoven to us as we had never heard him played; interpreted him in the orchestra also, as we had never heard him interpreted. Von Bülow, we knew, was one of Wagner's staunchest disciples — we did not at the time know how staunch, how self-sacrificing, how quixotic — yet here he was, revealing Beethoven to us. This was very disturbing; for, if this revelation came from the devil's favorite disciple, what might we not expect from the devil himself? Horrid doubts crept

into our hearts respecting our dear old professors who glued us to Hummel and Moscheles and Ferdinand Hiller; and in the privacy of our student lodgings we began in dreadful secrecy to look deeper into the Wagnerian mysteries. I assure you that secrecy was necessary; for at that time Wagner's name not only connoted the negation of music, but was surrounded with I know not what suggestion of immorality, of atheism, of black magic.

A small army arose, ready, partly from conviction, partly from a sheer love of battle, to do or die for Wagner. Lord, how the fur flew! We do not fight now. We do not sling ink as we did in those happy days. In those happy days, when in mutual vituperation we had exhausted our ink, we hurled the ink-pots at each other. Hundreds of us, from all classes, from the workshop, the countinghouse, the vicarages, the literary coteries, and even the minor peerage, went forth in full panoply of war to exterminate anyone who suggested that Wagner was not perfect from every point of view, including the matrimonial.

We lectured to each other; we read profound papers about Schopenhauer, whom we did not understand, and Nietzsche, whose name we could not spell. We solemnly inquired into the inner, world-upheaving significance of individual verses in the dramas, such as the famous 'You see, my son, here Time is turned to Space,' in *Parsifal*; and we tried to found systems of life on musical phrases. We obscured Wagner's already sufficiently obscure texts by turning them into obscurer English; and we were monstrosly learned on assonances, alliterative verse, and the Teutonic mythology. All this was domestic; it took place in our own family circle.

We thirsted for wilder adventures. We wanted to be martyrs. Covent

Garden was beginning to play Wagner. We went there. We taught the audience manners. We introduced the famous 'Bayreuth Hush.' If anyone coughed or sneezed we were down on them. Also, we watched the performances, and when they were bad we wrote to the *Times* and the management in a style which combined the righteous indignation of Junius with the vitriolic sarcasm of Swift. We were especially severe on cuts. I think we did quite a lot of real good in our immodest way. At any rate, we got ourselves thoroughly disliked, and were warm and happy. In season and out of season we battled for our hero. He was the one important factor in our lives. The world — no, the universe — seemed concentrated in him. I am not exaggerating when I say that he affected, modified, in some cases utterly transformed our minds, our æsthetic ideas, our outlook on life, our very characters and personalities. An enthusiasm filled us, unequaled, I do believe, in the history of any art. Especially did we glow after we had once been to Bayreuth and could sport the green turban of the returned pilgrim.

To anyone who is intimate with the strange and tragic epic of Wagner's life, Bayreuth — the theatre, and the performances in that theatre — must be as amazing as the greatest of his other works. For it is not overstating the case to say that he brought every beam and every brick of that great building and put it into its place with his own hands in the face of every hindrance, every discouragement, every sort of contumely which his own people could heap upon him. Or — and this is saying the same thing in opposite terms — he built Bayreuth with the brickbats his own people hurled at him.

The knowledge of this, and the fact that here also stood his house; that he

had walked over these uncommonly hard cobbles; that his family still lived here; and that here, at long last, after failure heaped on failure, after outlawry, starvation, bankruptcy, perpetual ill-health, persecution, and ridicule, he had triumphed in *Parsifal* — triumphed only to die — gave Bayreuth an atmosphere such as I suppose no other place has ever possessed, unless it were Athens in the time of the tragic poets. There is a village in Warwickshire which could emulate Bayreuth, but does not.

A visit to Bayreuth was always a delightful experience. The semi-Bohemian life, even though untinted by anything disreputable, was eminently enjoyable. We moved in an atmosphere of higher thought, and we moved in it in our best summer clothes. We put our elbows on the tables of the inadequate restaurants, and talked transcendentalism far into the night; we led the simple life, sustained by roast capons and Liebfraumilch. And we were steeped in the belief — so innocent were we — that here, at last, we were seeing masterpieces performed in every detail exactly as the poet-composer had conceived them. We came back to our workaday life with the far-away look of those who have glimpsed the Beatific Vision.

From 1883 — the year of Wagner's death — until 1913, I think I did not miss one Bayreuth year, and, but for a fortunate accident which forced me to return my tickets in 1914, I should have been interned there. From 1883 to 1913 — thirty years — we were fighting, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, fangs and claws. As I look back I am amazed at the frenzy of our worship, at the fury of our hatreds, at the splendid folly of our acts, at the violence of our words.

Do people hate like that, or love like that now? I cannot believe it. I see no

symptoms, I hear no echoes of such passions. Critics, with the horrible fate of their predecessors staring them in the face, have become timid. Amateurs have become indifferent. Is it that there is nobody and nothing worth fighting for? Is it that our young people are born middle-aged? Is it that the steam-roller of experience has passed over our ideals and flattened them all out? Is it that we have had so many greatnesses thrust upon our notice by an ingenuous Press, which, after a week-end immortality, have shrivelled into microscopic littlenesses, that we no longer believe in any greatness at all? Have we lost the divine gift of hero worship, or are there indeed no heroes? I do not know. But I do know that, although I have tried to keep all my youthful illusions and am ready to make as big a fool of myself as ever, I can think of nobody about whom I feel it my duty to go mad. Can you?

If only we could have been rapt to heaven in the midst of this enthusiasm! For, as time went on, some of us began to have horrid doubts — began to be besieged by importunate questions. Were the Bayreuth performances actually ideal? That they came nearer to the heart's desire than those at any ordinary opera house was indubitable; but that was saying little. But were they perfect? Were poem, music, scenery, singing, acting, really so blended as to form a single composite art, as they claimed to be? Alas, no. Could we hear the text better? No. Were the performers ideal? No. Was the scenery always right? No.

Trivial matters? Not so. Bayreuth claimed to be perfect. It set a standard. Other theatres reproduced all its faults and then said, 'As at Bayreuth.'

As to the personalities of the singers, let us be charitable. They were as God and a generous diet had made them. With some great and glorious excep-

tions — Scheidemantel, Scaria, Gudehus, Malten, Sucher, van Rooy, Vogl — one wished they had been created invisible: *voces et præterea nihil*.

Then came the war and blotted Wagner out — at least for one enthusiast. I remember the curious feeling, half of anger and half of regret, with which, on August 4th, 1914, I turned the key on him. I did not turn the key out of paltry chauvinism, or as my share in keeping the home fires burning. I did not turn the key on Bach, or Beethoven, or Mozart. But Wagner had professed to be more than a music-maker. He had been the prophet, the preacher, the teacher, the Grand Lama, who issued his edicts *urbi et orbi* from the dim recesses of Wahnfried. He had brought back Wotan and all the Teutonic gods and goddesses; all his heroes and heroines were super-Teutons, and most of them displayed all the less amiable traits of that race.

When you come to examine them you find they do not bear examining. What shall we say of Lohengrin, who deserts his wife because she wants to know whom she has married? What is Elsa but the typical *Hausfrau* submitting meekly to her *Mann's* irrational exigencies? What is Wotan but a breaker of treaties, and henpecked at that? What Siegmund but a betrayer of hospitality? What Siegfried himself but an idealized Junker Lieutenant?

There was no doubt about it — Wagner was one of the corner stones of German Kultur. The modern Teutonic spirit, the Teutonic ideal, was to a large extent his creation. Therefore, to continue to steep oneself in the intoxicating beauty of his Rhine music, his Forest music, his Nuremberg music, was to feed and foster a sentimental yearning for the glamour of that Germany which had vanished in the blood and fire, the unutterable horrors of Namur, of Louvain, Arras, and Ypres.

So, although much of the joy of life was shut out, much that had moulded one's thoughts and contributed to one's happiness was put away — the key was turned.

And now, when, after an interval of eight years, one turns the key back and opens the door, what sort of a Wagner is it who comes out?

I do not think it is too soon to ask. I do not think we are too near him to answer. The war is the equivalent of a hundred years. 1914 is as far away as 1814. It is only with a mental wrench we can force our memory back to the halcyon days before the great catastrophe. I know I think of myself in that period as of a remote ancestor, for whose self-indulgence, for whose blind trust in the immutability of things, I, his innocent descendant, am paying God knows what in the pound. I think we have now almost the historic view of the nineteenth century.

Looking at Wagner through the atmosphere cleared by the war, I still see him, on the whole, as the most gigantic figure in the landscape — but with a difference. Much that was confusing and incomprehensible about him is cleared away; much that we, his uncritical admirers, had idealized into him, has faded, has turned out to have been no part — or the baser part — of him. I think we can at once relieve him of all his politico-religious-sociological-philosophic baggage. There remain the Poet, the Dramatist, the Musician, and the Man.

With the Man I think we have no present concern. It cannot matter very much to us what sort of a man he was. Moreover, the study of such a man is altogether beyond the scope of this paper. I devoutly wish Mr. Lytton Strachey would put him under his microscope. He would find him worth while, and literature would be enriched by another miracle of analysis.

All I will say now is that, as a man, in what one must call his private capacity, he was as bewildering, as contradictory, as inconsequential (partly adorable, partly detestable) as — well, as any one of us.

As a Poet, apart from his dramas, I am ready to dismiss him with a caution. Glasenapp, his biographer, has edited a volume of his verses, and says he is a lyric poet. But Glasenapp also says Siegfried Wagner is a genius. Therefore, Glasenapp will say anything. When a man will say anything, nothing he says has any value. Let Glasenapp say what he likes, the volume is in print and, like other volumes of sweepings from the waste-paper baskets of great men, it is only a curiosity. The verses are either turgid apostrophes to King Louis of Bavaria, or they are occasional doggerel, such as people write when they receive the gift of a pork pie. Let us put them inside the crust and forget them; they are certainly not the four-and-twenty blackbirds which sang before the king.

In his dramas, Wagner was truly a great poet — not of words, though, but of ideas. I think he always found words a hindrance to his self-expression. Whether in his verse or his prose he seems ever to be wrestling with them; there is an everlasting struggle to force them into some sort of order in which they will give an image of his thought.

But, putting language aside, how does he stand as a dramatist, as a playwright? Is he a great tragic poet? Here, again, I feel we shall gradually eliminate much of his work; most, alas, of the work he thought his greatest — the 'Ring.' I believe no tragedy can be great which is devoid of human interest; and, studying it now in cold blood, what human interest is there in the 'Ring'? The gods and goddesses are all poor creatures, not ethically on a

higher, but on a lower level than human beings; they are puppets with whose failings, passions, and desires we can have no sympathy, because they are beneath our own. As for the humans, even when at last Siegfried has, with quite exceptional difficulty, got himself born, he turns out to be a poor thing. I cannot greatly admire a hero who is invulnerable, or only vulnerable in the small of his back. Not much merit in going to battle if you know you cannot get hurt.

The 'Mastersingers' is a sublimated folk-comedy. In it Wagner displays, for the first time, perhaps, extraordinary cleverness of construction, unfailing resource in the invention of amusing or picturesque incidents, and absolutely perfect stage-craft. Granted the initial improbability that a wealthy goldsmith of Nuremberg would put up his only child, his heiress, as a prize to be sung for, with the stultifying proviso that she was not to go to the winner unless she liked him, the action evolves easily, spontaneously, naturally, and offers a long string of exquisitely poetical or humorous pictures. This comedy could be played admirably without the music.

But *with* the music! Well, there it is! With the music, the worst, the most ill-constructed, the ugliest, the most absurd of Wagner's scenes becomes an incomparable jewel. His most involved, most illogical situations become crystal-clear. His most turgid speeches, his most long-winded narratives, his damnable iterations become things of beauty; and even the dragon is adorable.

It is obvious that in writing his dramas Wagner's mind worked simultaneously in two terms. To him the words and the music were interchangeable; the former postulated the latter, and vice versa. When first you glance at the text of a Wagnerian drama you say that these rugged, ragged lines,

these intractable syllables, cannot be set to music; when you hear the music to which he set them, you realize that not only was this the only possible setting, but that it was obvious: it was inherent in the words; it was the essence of the words, or they were the essence of the music: the words and the music merge into one language.

But, in this combination, the music is invariably and constantly the dominant partner. I defy anyone who has not heard the music to read the texts with any real enjoyment; I defy anyone who has heard the music to read the texts without hearing a continuous stream of music accompanying them and turning them into exalted poetry.

And so I reach the conclusion that Wagner was first and last, and continuously, the greatest dramatic composer the world has yet seen. He was so great a dramatic music-maker that his music stands as dramatic music without the aid of the drama. Knock all the scaffolding away; take away the stage, the actors, the scenery, even the words; and the music remains, the finest expression of drama. The most perfect performance of Wagner to which you can treat yourself is to read a full score by the side of your hearth; the next best is to listen to a magnificent orchestra without any stage accessories. Podgy Parsifals, perspiring Tristans, globular Iseults, matronly Brunhilds, get in our way, kill illusion, bring our ideals down to the pot of beer with which we are sure they refresh themselves in the intervals. Away with them! Give us the music without the ills which flesh is heir to. What magic-lantern can add to the effect of the 'Ride of the Valkyries'? What need of silk ribbon fluttering to an electric fan to intensify Brunhild's 'Ring of Fire'? What need of illustration to the threnody on Siegfried's death? Often and often, even

at Bayreuth — especially at Bayreuth — I have wished the actors would go away; I have wished the scenery would disappear; I have wished I could be left alone in the darkness to steep my soul in the ocean of music welling up from the unseen orchestra.

That, I think, is what remains of Wagner, and will remain: his music — extraordinarily eloquent, amazingly pictorial, sometimes terrible, sometimes overwhelmingly lovely, always great. And so the most pitiful mouse has reconsidered the mountain.

TO SHELLEY

BY LEIGH HUNT

[This unpublished poem of Leigh Hunt's is from a manuscript owned by Messrs. Chaundy and Cox, of London. The mood and manner is that of about 1853, when Hunt published his book, The Religion of the Heart. 'One other sweet fervid voice' is probably a reference to Vincent Hunt, the poet's favorite child, who died in 1852.]

From the *London Mercury*, November
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

BELOVED Shelley, friend, immortal heart,
Whose name so long has been shut up in mine,
Which could not speak for tears; oh most belov'd
And divine soul, scarcely less visible
Or more a spirit now (so strong has love
Stamp'd thy warm image) than when heretofore
Thou satst beside our hearth, half lifted up
On pinions of seraphic will, and breath'dst
Fires of sweet faith, and beauteous scorn of scorn:

Oh now thou seest (out of that orb, where souls
Of martyrs go, to rest till the day come)
What golden hours await this yearning globe,
By hope at last, and honied breath like thine,
Spun like a starry bee. Which thought, and one
Other sweet fervid voice, which late I heard,
Forth pouring to it as I stood, in tears,
Strong in their weakness, and for infinite wants
Felt heav'n ordaining infinite supply,
Move me to utter what I heard, in words,
And stretch the stormy sweetness, far as breath
Is giv'n me, chaunting to thy spirit, friend,
And dim-seen angels, and desiring man.

CHRISTMAS CAKES AND CHRISTMAS PARTIES

A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE SKETCH

BY J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

From the *Spectator*, December 17

(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

IN rural England the making of the Christmas cake and the subsequent 'tastings' are both something of a religion — an integral part of the festival, and inseparable from much of its custom and tradition. For weeks ago our village ladies have compared recipes, discussed the mysteries of cake-making and baking, and flitted to and fro from one another's houses on those anxious and fateful days of egg-breaking, mixing, and stirring.

The event — for it *is* an event — looms large in the rural calendar, ranking in importance as it does with a birth, a funeral, a wedding, a threshing, or a pig-killing day. At stated intervals neighbors will congregate and peer, skewer in hand and with bated breath, into the recess beyond the cautiously opened oven-door. They are tense moments these, and even the most stolid, calm and collected matrons will betray more than a passing flutter of excitement. For the nonce the yet anæmic-looking cake is as a king seated upon a threatened throne, with his courtiers around him hoping for the best, but ever fearful that the worst may happen. Doubts, assurances, and reassurances are exchanged in whispers as the assembled ladies fan themselves with spotless white aprons, donned to do honor to the occasion.

One might imagine that the whole Yuletide happiness of each family, together with the good name and reputation of the housewife, depended upon

the success of the matter in hand. One of our old village dames once put into concrete form something of the feelings of those responsible for producing a Christmas cake. 'Some has one thing,' she whined to the vicar, 'and some has another. The Lord gives us all a cross of some sort. Now there's Christmas a-coming on and I have n't got the cake made yet, and I'm sure as each year comes round I feel my cross growing heavier and my trust in the Lord growing less so far as cakes goes.'

In our village the Christmas cake may not be cut till the eve of the great festival, though the small 'taster' — made specially to know the worst — may be sampled by the anxious dames in solemn conclave, for it has no tradition or sentiment surrounding it. Final criticism and a reopening of the whole discussion in calmer frame of mind are postponed till the Christmas parties, at which those who sighed and panted, shook their heads and clasped skewers in one hand as with the other they flapped apron-borne air to their faces, can afford to laugh at what for the nonce was such a tremendously serious undertaking.

These Christmas parties are not easy to arrange. Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones, in the neighboring town, may invite a few friends for an evening at Yuletide without even her next-door neighbor being aware of the fact either before or after the event. Not so in our village. No sooner has Mrs. Thompson, Old

Betty at the shop, Rachel Raby, Lizzie Leckonby, or any of the other village ladies fixed upon a date for entertaining their friends and the ceremonial tasting of their several cakes, than the news spreads and the days are quoted in connection with further prospective social gatherings. 'It'll be neea good fixing on Wednesday i' next week, coz that's awd Mary Thompson's party neeght, an' Friday 'll be Lizzie Leckonby's. You'll have gotten an invitation, have n't you?' — and so on. We are able to do nothing in secret at Carthorne, and are bound to regulate our list of invited guests to our 'do's,' not by the capacity of the 'parlor,' the number of chairs we possess, or the maximum we can 'sit down at table' with comfort, but rather with a view to maintaining future peace, good will, and friendship among our neighbors. If we have n't a sufficient supply of knives, forks, plates, or wine glasses . . . well, then we must borrow, as the other folks do at Christmas-party times. In fact, most of us are so lacking in moral courage that we invite rather those who fully expect to be invited than those we are most anxious to have as guests and cake-tasters. We know full well that did we do otherwise there would be subsequent 'coolnesses' and 'offense-takings,' and that by some, whose pride had been wounded, we should be relegated to the sandy deserts of alienation.

Mrs. Thompson, of Rose Cottage, usually leads off the round of our village Christmas parties, each of which is pretty much a replica of the others. The little-used 'front parlor' is a sort of holy of holies, into which the parson and persons of 'quality' may be shown, but which otherwise remains hermetically sealed as the repository of the grandeur of the house — heirlooms and treasures which rest on woolly mats of divers colors and varying degrees of

dampness. Early Victorian chairs, surpassingly uncomfortable, are drawn in a large circle round the fire, on which a brightly burning Yule log seems entirely unable to conquer the vault-like atmosphere of this state chamber. Front parlors at Carthorne are reserved for occasions such as these, and though there would be dire offense were 'party' guests not entertained therein, they would be a great deal more at home and comfortable in the spotless kitchens. However, tradition lays it down that Christmas parties at Carthorne shall be held in the parlor, so the encased wax fruit, the staring, stuffed owls, and the rows of framed funeral cards of every relation to three generations back are all duly dusted and decorated with greenery.

At the outset there is an unbending stiffness and adamantine frost permeating and hanging over the assembled guests. They have all put on their 'party manners' with their festive clothes, and, sitting very erect, are obviously restrained and weighed down by a determination to 'mind their p's and q's.' The passing round of fear-somely colored and liberally frosted Christmas cards, the collection of which has extended over many years, does little toward thawing the atmosphere, nor does the family 'album' containing the photographs of those whose 'death-cards' adorn the walls around produce buoyant merriment or peals of ribald laughter. Up to this stage everyone is painfully 'proper.' Then, with labored apologies, Mary Thompson departs to the back regions to 'see about supper.' Chairs are forthwith drawn nearer the fire, the menfolk surreptitiously remove the antimacassars which have had a subduing influence upon them, the aforementioned party manners are speedily dropped, and by the time Mrs. Thompson bids her guests follow her to the kitchen the ice

is melted and the Yuletide spirit reigns at last.

There are colored Yule candles, a cheese (with the sign of the Cross scraped upon it), mince pies, Yule cake, and pig under various disguises on the table, but the *pièce de résistance* — the central feature of the scheme of decoration — is the cake. It appeals less to the male guests than to the ladies, though the former feel in duty bound to make some reference to it, to ask, in much the same manner as they would inquire about a recently killed porker or bullock, 'Hoo mich diz sha weigh?' or remark that 'It leeaks a good un.' The cutting of the cake is always ceremonially performed on Christmas Eve, and its virtues and shortcomings discussed then, but the present is the real public trial, when almost every cake in the neighborhood is brought under review — the 'failers' (failures), the 'sad uns,' the 'dry uns' and 'damp uns,' those which have not been baked long enough and those which have been baked too long; the cakes which have not been kept sufficiently long and those which have 'sunk i' t' middle,' not to mention those which have been iced or otherwise ambitiously decorated. The conversation may be diverted into other channels on returning to the mortuary of a parlor, but it inevitably reverts to cakes, though by this time the men have gathered themselves into a corner of the room and, fortified with a decanter of gin, are immersed in pig-, or sheep-, or beast-talk.

The earliest suggestion of departure, conveyed in such blunt terms as: 'It's about time we wer' makkin' tracks fer yam,' only produces a rebuke from the hostess: 'What's the use o' talkin' like that? Sit still wi' ya; the night's young yet,' but on a reiteration of the threat, Mrs. Thompson again leaves the company, her strings of beads and locket-

dangling chains jangling as she moves. 'Sha's not going to get owt else for us ti eat, is sha?' asks one of the menfolk. 'Ah can't eat na more, an' it looks as though we're goin' to be here all night.'

'She'll have gone to fettle a bit o' cake,' replies the spokesman's good lady, with undisguised discomfort at John's increasing impatience. 'Sit still an' rest content. It is n't every night in t' year you come out to a party.' 'I've had enough plum cake ti last me while next Kessamus,' persists the husband. He may have had, but he cannot escape having some more, for the wine-and-cake stage of the evening's entertainment has now arrived. There is home-made wine — gooseberry, rhubarb and elder; and port for those who prefer it — port, by the way, being held to be a teetotal drink in rural Yorkshire and quite 'genteel' for the most proper ladies. So, with handkerchiefs on their laps and a return of 'party manners,' the ladies eat their second dose of cake crumb by crumb, sip their wine, and resume the never-ending discussion of this particular culinary effort and cakes in general. A respectable time having elapsed (during which one or two of the menfolk have dropped asleep), a move is made by the ladies to 'the best lodging-room' upstairs, where they removed their hats and coats.

So ends the first of the Christmas parties and cake-tastings, and so begins the round. All of them are pretty similar in detail, except at some of the larger farmhouses, where there are young people and where an adjournment is made from parlor to kitchen for dancing or some of the boisterous merriment and unrestrained joy and fun which belong to the season, but which are lacking from the gatherings of the older folks in the restricted space and icy coldness of the front parlor.

ON CAROLS

BY R. L. G.

From the *New Statesman*, December 24

(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

SCHOLARS assign as the date of the first Christmas carols the year 1225, when they were sung at the setting up of the Christmas Crib at Greccio by St. Francis of Assisi. Now, of course, the word 'carol' means literally a singing dance, a singing game. The idea of 'the music of the spheres' is that the universe itself ceaselessly executes a carol.

The carol-maker's point of view can be shown at once by an illustration. Let us take the old Cornish carol, 'To-morrow shall be My dancing day':—

To-morrow shall be My dancing day.

I would My true love did so chance

To see the legend of My play

To call My true love to the dance.

Sing oh! My love, My love, My love,

This have I done for My true love.

Then I was born of a Virgin pure,

Of her I took fleshly substance;

Thus was I knit to man's nature

To call My true love to the dance.

Then on the Cross hangèd I was

Where a spear My heart did glance;

There issued forth both water and blood

To call My true love to the dance.

Then down to Hell I took My way

For My true love's deliverance,

And rose again on the third day

Up to My true love and the dance.

Here, no less than the Creation and the being of the world, the Incarnation and the Redemption are thought of as a singing, dancing game.

It is needless to say that rhyme is the very spirit and essence of the carol. The idea of rhyme is that of correspondence. The invention of rhyme

seems to have been extraordinarily long in coming. I suspect it had a subterranean existence long before the books announce the date of its appearance. Anything so natural, so vital, so spontaneous, would be disliked by the pedants and academicians. They would no doubt contrive to keep it underground for centuries. The wonder is there was not an earlier flowering of it in the Church. The hymns of St. Ambrose and Prudentius—things like *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*—are unrhymed. St. Bernard wrote a rhymed sequence in the year 1152, and later in the twelfth century these holy rhymes became common.

The great rhymers, perhaps the greatest of all rhymers, was the twelfth-century monk of Paris, Adam of St. Victor. Rhyme so seizes and expresses the essential spirit of Christianity that one is tempted to the theory that it is a purely Christian invention. I suspect that the holy rhymes of Adam of St. Victor were an adaptation of a form—depressed and unrecognized by 'them that were the heads'—in which tavern songs, for instance, had been made and sung all the time. Rhyme is essentially popular—in the good sense, vulgar. As such it would be despised by the *odi profanum vulgus* people, and it would be considered that though it would do well enough for bawdy songs, its place was outside the temple. With Adam of St. Victor the Church borrowed the popular form, but rhyme came into its own with the Franciscan movement. The Christmas carols sung around the

Greccio Crib were not sequences made by monks, but true folk-songs. The people began to use their own form of expression for things that before had been thought too high and holy for it.

The philosophy of the carols asserted the final significance and value of visible things.

Perhaps from some quaint mediæval German house, fields, lanes, gardens, deep in snow — snow capping the tourelles, snow embroidering the steps of the great central Cross, *snow continually sliding down the steep, sharp pitch of the roof of the chapel* — you get that prayer we have said in this little Oratory to-night.

The snow slipping down the steep, sharp pitch of the roof of the chapel of a twelfth-century German religious house has an ultimate importance, so to speak, an eternal existence. Or take such a verse as this, not much in itself, perhaps: —

O'er the hill and o'er the dale,
Three Kings came together,
Caring naught for snow and hail,
Wind and storm and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plain,
Now where Tigris swells with rain,
They their camels tether.

After two thousand years we see the rains that swell the Tigris. How delightful, too, to hear such a line as 'They their camels tether' sung in church!

The patristic doctrine, one may be permitted to say in the saturnalia of Christmas time, as the Tractarians excavated it, has all sorts of liberal and humane implications. Take one of numberless illustrations which may be drawn from the practice of the Church. In St. Peter's at Rome, on the Feast of the Epiphany, Mass is said simultaneously at three altars by three priests, one of whom is always a negro. The humanity is always implicit in the doctrine, but the official Church has not always drawn it out. It is there, so to

speak, in spite of its guardians. But the people is always humane, always humanitarian; and in the carols, the Christian folk-songs, it has completely expressed its feeling.

On one point, notably in the position assigned to animals in the carols, it has enlarged the Christian doctrine. It has added territory to the fair domain. Not to speak of the Ox and Ass of the Manger, the shrill midnight Cock, the Lamb brought by the shepherds, their sheep-dog Melampo, the Ass of the Flight into Egypt, whose feast was kept at Beauvais, take such an example as this from the carol called 'The Carnal and the Crane.' The 'carnal' is, I suppose, the *corneille* — the crow (I have emended the second line of the second verse quoted): —

As I passed by a river-side,
And as I there did rein,
In argument I chanced to hear
A carnal and a crane.

The carnal said unto the crane,
'A new time is begun;
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son.'

In answer to the inquiries of the crane the carnal goes on to expound the Christian mysteries like a Doctor of the Church. The same feeling is extended to trees, and, indeed, to all natural objects. Witness the canonization of the holly in all Christmas carols. 'Its leaves are sweet with our Savior's name.'

The old carols one likes to think of as made by nobody in particular, as the work of the whole people. Modern carols of great beauty have been written by William Morris, A. C. Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, J. M. Neale, R. S. Hawker, and Katharine Tynan.

The most beautiful of all carols — to my mind, one of the most beautiful of all poems — is that by William Morris: —

O ye shepherds, what have ye seen
 (The snow in the street and the wind at the door)
 To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?
 (Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.)

The suggestion of the dance makes this
 literally a perfect carol.

But there is living at the present day
 a greater *noëliste* than any of those
 mentioned — the Belgian poet, Emile
 Cammaerts. Listen to this: —

*Le Christ est né
 Le givre brille,
 Là-bas un agneau a bélé.
 Le Christ est né,
 Le feu pétille,
 Il gèle à fendre les pavés.
 Le Christ est né
 Le criquet crie . . .*

So it goes on. What can one say?
 One is speechless; one shivers with de-
 light!

DULLNESS: A LIVELY DISSERTATION

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY

From the *Criterion*, October
 (LONDON LITERARY QUARTERLY)

THERE is of course no foolish inten-
 tion here of vying in prose with Pope in
 verse, though the learned will be aware
 that Pope's friends used our title as
 an earlier one for the *Dunciad*. It is
 only desired to say a little of the qual-
 ity or qualities, real or imaginary,
 which may provoke, or seem to pro-
 voke, especially at the present time, the
 verdict 'Dull' on works of literature.

I say 'especially' because it would
 not be fair to attribute the frequent use
 of this degrading epithet to the twenti-
 eth century only. 'Pretty' has become
 an epithet of obloquy rather than
 praise. But 'dull,' which has absorbed
 'dry,' flourishes like the opposite of a
 green bay-tree. In life and in literature
 the most abominable thing to find, the
 most fatal fault to attribute, seems to
 be Dullness. It can hardly, therefore,
 be entirely lost labor to consider a
 little what this Dullness is, or perhaps
 (to put the matter with a more philo-
 sophical exactitude) what people really
 mean when they use the word 'dull.'

One cannot well proceed in such an
 inquiry without examples, and it so
 happens that two of them — one quite
 recent and the other fairly so — are
 present to the writer's mind, both
 having struck him at the time of their
 occurrence as interesting in a repre-
 sentative manner — as themselves by
 no means 'dull.' In one case it was the
Paston Letters which were ticketed with
 this label; in the other Carlyle received
 it. One could of course pick out others
 from almost any page of any periodical
 dealing with matters in which the con-
 demnation was in any way appropriate;
 and a person who much frequented
 clubs, drawing-rooms, and other places
 where they talk, would hardly pass a
 day without hearing the word. (Its
 use, indeed, is characteristic of that odd
 concentration on self which distin-
 guishes our day. Anything that does
 not at once provide the indispensable
 and sacred 'good time' deserves con-
 temptuous condemnation and gets it.)
 But these two, space being valuable,

may do for letters; to give them companions from life would be easy but perhaps wicked. . . .

Carlyle, however, is not the subject of this little paper — only one of its illustrations — illustrations which the scale of the paper itself forbids to be multiplied. Like the less discreditable one of the *Paston Letters*, it shows the curious and unblest combination of mental conditions which originates the cry of 'dull'! — the sense of unfamiliarity and the revolt against any attempt to remove this sense; the positive indignation at having to make any kind of effort. The curious 'passivity' of the modern mind — the expectation that everything shall be done for it; that at every moment there shall be some external machinery, apparatus, conspiracy of other folk to occupy, amuse, caress, cajole it — has been justly complained of by serious shepherds of the people in matters of religion, politics, education on the one side, of amusement and common domesticities on the other. But perhaps it nowhere shows itself more than in certain respects of æsthetic; and hardly anywhere more than in this malady which makes the soul carry about with itself, and transfer to other things and persons, an atmosphere — a sort of cloak — of 'dullness.'

To some extent, of course, this, like other maladies and cachexies, is a case of being 'born so.' Everybody must have noticed, if they have taken any notice of children at all, that among the class-distinctions of these engaging incumbrances, besides Liberal and Conservative, Platonist and Aristotelian, and others, there is this of self-amusing and not self-amusing. There is one kind of child which (perhaps not invariably without calling Satan to its aid) always finds something for its idle hands to do, is always more or less 'interested.' There is another, which, un-

less it is constantly talked to, played with, taken somewhere, given money to spend, provided with new toys, and so forth, is miserable, comes to its (unfortunate but perhaps not guiltless) mother, whining 'It's so *dull*!' and (too probably this time) does not receive the invigorating, disabusing 'spank' which is its due. For it must be admitted that whether these two races represent an exact original division of mankind or not, education and breeding seem to tend more and more to the multiplication of the second division and the discouragement of the first.

And, what is worse, this discouragement, which maternal affection and nutritial want of other things to do, plus rather mistaken amiability and sense of duty, have always made common in the case of children, has of late been carried much further in the case of adults. To do our mentors of the pulpit some justice, they do take some note of this — especially in regard to that specially soul-destroying invention, the cinema, and to the habit of attending professional football matches. (Putting the professionalism aside, I should myself from personal experience say that football was one of the most interesting games to play and one of the most uninteresting to look at; while to read about it beats Guicciardini.) But nobody pays any attention to these matters: and more and more the demand for something to be done to, for, with, before — any preposition except *by* — you, seems to be a condition precedent if you are to escape dullness.

Now, most literature — even most of the greatest literature, and certainly most of that which, though not exactly great, is not to be despised — requires this small thing to be done *by* the reader. All without exception save the lowest class of mere dime novels, and the

olice and other reports — stuff approaching nearest the cinema itself — greatly improved, at any rate taken out of the possible vein of dullness, by activity instead of passivity on the reader's part. It is said that there is or as a hymn of some sect, — Anabaptist, Solifidian, or the like, — which had or refrain, or at least for last lines: —

Down with deadly Doing!
Never — never — *do* !

his, in more ways than one — some of them too political for present handling — must be taken as a motto of modernism; but it is particularly applicable to the kind of reader who finds things dull. He has not got in his possession, and he will not take the trouble to provide himself with, the necessary box to make the match strike, and he finds fault with the match. He has not the wedding garment of 'interest-blendness,' and is not merely shut out from the supper but abuses it for a bad upper — as very likely the interloper of the parable did, although it is not recorded of him.

On the other hand, the reader who deserves to read not only carries with him a receiver which at once admits all that is intrinsically non-dull in his author, but a transmuter which converts many things dull in themselves into what is interesting by suggestion and association. Take an extreme instance. You have to read, as a work of necessity and mercy, a novel in which somebody (*not* as somebody to be laughed at or with) speaks of the 'Emperor Augustine.' And if Fortune has been moderately kind to you, and you have improved her gifts with moderate assiduity and success, this addition to the ancient *Almanach de Gotha* drives dullness away for an indefinite period. You compare Augustus and Augustine; and imagine what an emperor the Saint might have made, finding it rather more

difficult to make a saint out of the Emperor.

Naturally in trying to assemble favorable views of Augustus (the gorgeous vesture of *Antony and Cleopatra* becomes a leaden cope crushing him down for Englishmen), *Prends un siège, Cinna!* comes into your mind, and you giggle as that parallel passage of Crabbe's —

We saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there,
And said to Johnson, 'Johnson, take a chair!'

follows Corneille's in your memory. Whence by natural opposition the said mind reverts to that excessively improper but decidedly witty epigram on Fulvia which Martial attributes to the Emperor, and rebounds therefrom to the marvelous fragments of the same language — purified in meaning by Christian philosophy and having lost nothing in beauty by the blending of technically classical purity in language with the stronger and stranger virtues of a non-Roman race — to be found in the passages which star the *Confessions* and the *City of God*.

Of course, anyone may say with a certain amount or at least a certain appearance of truth: 'But this is a sort of revoke, if not even worse; you are playing cards previously up your own sleeve, not those dealt to you.' But after all, do not all save the very best — perhaps even the very best — 'hands' that literature has to offer require supplementing and completing from the factories or stores of the reader's mind? I have known elaborate attempts made to prove that the *Dies Irae* is a composition of a very inferior order — attempts of course which only proved that the attempter's mind was entirely unprovided with the necessary tally, wrench, key, spanner — any mechanical parallel you like — to enable him to fit, turn on, open what was presented to him.

The great Mr. Addison saw in Chaucer nothing but an obsolete and ineffectual buffoon; he evidently thought him — I am not sure that he did not use the word — ‘dull’; and I am afraid, though I do not agree with them, that a very large number of people, increasing constantly for the last hundred years or so, have transferred the compliment to the great Mr. Addison himself, though they could not think him a buffoon. I have seen the word applied, more than once or twice, to Gibbon — whom even Mr. Boffin enjoyed for many nights, despite or because of his amazement at the shocking character of some of the ‘Declinings and Fallings’ — and whom I, impervious to such illegitimate allurements, should call about as good an author to take down for half an hour’s diversion as any but the very best. Irony is dull to a very large majority of women, and, I suspect, to a by no means small minority of men; and I very much doubt whether more than a very small proportion of either sex really appreciates beauty of style.

Of course there is no intention of denying that there is such a thing as Dullness positive, intrinsic; Dullness which offers no such fantastic escapes or relief as ‘the Emperor Augustine’; Dullness accurate in and to fact, proffering nothing that, exposing its carbonated alkali to some more potent acid, will evoke a burst or even a fizzle of laughter; Dullness plain and plane, impregnable and invincible. But this is more common in life than in literature — I suppose for the very simple reason that the stupidest people rarely (they do sometimes) write books. Silly ones down to the silliest not infrequently do; but then in silliness, if you have not too much to do with it and it does not concern practical affairs, there is often in not always something amusing. ‘Lord! what fools these mortals be!’ may not be an utterance expressing

the most wholesome frame of mind in any mortal, but it generally expresses a kind of enjoyment. There can be no enjoyment in face of real dullness really felt.

But there is, as has been partly pointed out already, no lack of means whereby to reduce the stock of this bane of life and literature alike to its lowest terms. Indeed, it must be said with a great deal more truth than exists in some other descriptions of the objects of education, that one of the chief of those objects is to exercise and supply the pupil in the methods and with the means of fighting and minimizing Dullness. There must, to begin with, be Faculty of doing and Will to do this; and the fact that we presume in everybody Faculties and Wills that exist only in some is the main source of the very costly and rather ghastly blunder called Education in modern times.

But supposing the faculty and the will to exist, in whatever degree, they can be educated — that is to say, ‘brought out,’ not ‘stuffed in.’ This is not a treatise on education — heaven forbid! It is enough to say that any real process of it is a safeguard against finding things dull. For real education means first of all gymnastics of the mind which enable it to wrestle with things, to shape them in other forms; to extract from them whatever virtue they have; and secondly, feeding the mind with ‘provisions’ — in every sense of that much-misused and stunted term. The most universal genius we know of obviously found nothing dull; Good man Dull himself was a joy to him in the contemplation no less than in the creation. And I should warrant pretty constant freedom from dullness even to the man who, like the Socratic philosopher of old and His Majesty’s horse for the last racing season or two, was ‘second best in everything.’

Catholicity of course is not itself a

atholicon (I apologize to my readers for punning). It is almost a misnomer for religion, destructive in politics, and dangerous in morals. But in aesthetics it can fight hard for a place at least to serve as a guard against the sense of dullness. It is obvious that the more counter-tallies you have ready, the less likely you are to be destitute of the particular one which fits the object presented.

I do not share the superior fastidiousness which condemns, offhand, the enjoyment of Martin Tupper, Lewis Morris, or the much-abused Ella Wheeler Wilcox, though I also do not share the enjoyment itself except in so far as (for not too long a time) I can laugh over *Proverbial Philosophy*, and as I like to remember reviewing the *Epic of Hades* and the *Songs* [better] *Unsung*. If anybody admired or admires these things really, and not because two of the writers at least were for a time hugely popular, I grudge not the admiration. It is better to worship stocks and stones than not to worship anything at all; to enjoy cowheel and parsnips than to find everything tasteless.

But of course liking or rather pretending to like anything because it is popular is damnable — *adeo damnabile ut damnabilius nihil esse possit* — as a rather academic but extremely clever friend of mine used to say. And perhaps pretending to dislike, or think 'dull,' anything because it is popular is almost *damnabilius*. But genuine admiration, though it may be a mistake, is not a misdemeanor. In fact, it is hardly common enough to be unclean. So perhaps also with genuine dislike. But in things æsthetic and intellectual — in things personal 'the abysmal depths of personaitiy' generally hide reasons altogether — it is usually if not always possible to give reasons for a genuine dislike, a genuine feeling that

the thing presented is offensive or uninteresting — that is to say, 'dull.'

And one would bet fair odds that in nineteen cases out of twenty, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, the affixers of the label 'dull' could give no reasons at all, while in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand any reason given would be declared invalid by any well-constituted court of appeal. In fact, it is hardly probable that the real reason could be given in one case out of ten thousand. For it would have to be an acknowledgment of that sense of unfamiliarity — coupled with the other sense of inability or unwillingness to make the thing familiar — which has been glanced at above.

It is curious how pervading this disease-deficiency, or whatever it is to be called, is. I knew a man whom I suppose most people would admit as deserving the title of man of letters. He had been taught Latin, Greek, French, and German in very early youth; but he had not been taught Italian, and none of the innumerable accidents that determine what we do and say and think and are had put him on learning it until he was hardly to be called a young man any more. So he had read Dante only in translations, and had, while of course perceiving the magnificence of the matter, been rather disappointed as to that pure poetic presence which insists on the marriage of matter and form. At last an occasion came in his way and he found it. He made himself able to read Dante *in Italian*, and read him; and there was no more disappointment that day or any other thenceforward.

Of course everybody — even everybody with a reputation — is not Dante or worth a tithe of the trouble Dante is worth. There are masses of so-called literature which are dull, hopelessly dull; incapable even of being laughed at or of evoking that sense of superi-

ority, that 'passion of sudden glory' which Hobbes saw in laughter itself, which moralists condemn as inhuman, but which is certainly not indelectable and may be argued for as exercising a certain tonic and invigorating effect on those who experience it, when it is indulged not too often and with justice in individual cases. Naturally enough those cases are perhaps most often found in literature which should not be and aims at not being dull — in the literature of recreation.

When this literature was — as it at one time was wholly and at various times has been mainly — poetic, a great deal of it must have been, and not a little of what we have *is*, dull, though the charm of verse helps it off. When it became dramatic, dullness was not exactly the chief thing to be feared, — rather extravagance, vulgarity, blood-and-thunder, indecency, and the other parasitic plagues of the stage. But when prose-fiction, after its strange and millennial birth-struggles, got itself born at last, Dullness saw her chance and took it. I am fond of the Greek Romances, but I could not pronounce them wholly free from this evil quality or influence. And though I think people will soon (indeed they are doing it already) begin to be ashamed of the nonsense talked recently about things Victorian, I must admit that the *average* second volume of the *average* Victorian 'three-decker' was something for men to sleep and angels to weep over — unless the former had vigor enough to throw it away and the latter power enough to blot it out of existence.

As for 'subjects,' there are no dull subjects (except perhaps bi-metallism). All depends on the treatment by the author and by the reader, though there are of course subjects which the author has no business to treat, and subjects which the reader has no business to read. A book on algebra or metaphys-

ics, the more technical sides of law, or the more abstract ones of theology, do not enter into my competition when 'dull' is the black-mark. Any person who uses that term of it simply shows that he has been where he has no business to be, and is speaking words that have no meaning.

But other sides of these and other 'serious' subjects do invite, or at least permit, treatment which may or may not be dull. And in belles lettres — giving that term its widest acceptance and including history, criticism, miscellaneous essay-writing, travels, and so forth, as well as poetry, drama, and fiction — to be or not to be dull is a very important question indeed. It is indeed practically the whole question for us.

That question cannot be answered by giving rules for the avoidance of Dullness. It is more or less (according to the calculus adopted) than doubtful to me whether any question in æsthetics can be answered by giving rules. But something can be said on the avoidance of false and the making sure of true discovery by the reader. For Dullness is such an abominable thing that the unnecessary multiplication of it in this world, even under misapprehension, is to be avoided if it possibly can be. Therefore it is well to be exceedingly suspicious of suspicions of Dullness on our own part. Even after long practice it is well to be careful; without such practice it is impossible to be too careful.

There are some mentors who would have equal caution exercised in regarding things as 'pretty,' to take my old colleague's opposite label; but this is perhaps excessive. Provided the enjoyment is genuine and not a mere petulant recalcitrance against general fashion, it is once more a fact, and counts. Repulsion, on the other hand, is not only exposed to the same dangers

insincerity; but to others of a still more subtle kind partly mentioned above — ignorance, indolence, prejudiced mood, other disabling influences will, which have to be carefully allowed for. Say, for instance, that you come upon something like one of the later arts of the *Epic of Hades* and find it *assommant*. You cannot be sure that the 'finding' is genuine till you have gone through *Songs of Two Worlds* and decided that you sincerely hope that your lot will never be cast in either of these. Even then you must not denounce the tragedy with a title that sounds like a sneeze, or the other *Songs* (which as indicated above suggest *aurum irreperitum et sic melius situm* without the *aurum*), till you have given them fair reading, though you may simply abstain and be silent. Even in the worst work of the worst writer there remains, for one who has trained himself, the interest of wondering whether it is the worst.

Extending the lesson of this example, it will follow that the best safeguard against finding things dull from the selfish point of view, and against finding them so unjustly from the moral, is to extend your own knowledge and interests as far as possible. By this means, and by this means only — unless you are a superman of a most uncommon kind — you can enlarge indefinitely

the number of counter-tallies, spanners, keys, reagents, and the like, ready in your mind to meet the possible correspondences in the literature presented to it. I believe *the* counsel of perfection in this matter is, 'Never simply pass — still less condemn — a reference or allusion that you cannot finish or play up to; an image that you cannot *see* with your mind's eye; a character that you cannot accept as human or reject as not; an argument that you cannot endorse or smash; and so on, *without making sure that the fault is not your own.*'

Of course there will be books — many of them — in which an honest and qualified player-up will find nothing to play up to; and then he may call them 'dull' — for him — though perhaps even then there may be others who have a turn with them. But remember that in reading 'passiveness' is never 'wise.' Even with the greatest and most overpowering poetry, even with romance of the first rank that you have read till you could almost recite it all 'off book,' the consummate enjoyment is never without contribution on the reader's side. And it is, at any rate in a very large number of cases, the failure to contribute which prevents enjoyment itself; and leaves the sense — or at any rate brings about the accusation — of Dullness.

A PAGE OF CHRISTMAS VERSE

THE OX

BY MAY O'ROURKE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

I bend, but dare not eat
The gold food at my feet,
Warm yet, and summer-sweet,
For there last night was He —
It is His very bed,
So I must go unfed.

Nor would I stray outside
To see the tall winds ride
Upon the grasses' tide,
For here last night was He —
Here, on this stubbled clay,
So must I dream and stay.

That star on heaven's hem
And I, looked last on them
Who stole from Bethlehem —
Far, far to-night is He.
Yet must I stand and low
For Whom I only know.

HYMN FOR THE SEASON

BY J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

[*London Graphic*]

Thine is the right to rule us all,
Thine is the power to save;
Plant in our hearts Thy heavenly law,
And bless us with the lave.
Thou wilt not let us wander far,
Nor from Thy presence stray;
At night Thou art our folding star
And leadst us forth by day.

Sweet Shepherd, tho' at times the blast
Howls high aboon the plains,
Thou wilt conduct us all at last
Where peace eternal reigns.
Alike to Thee the day, the mirk,
Alike Thy care for all;
Thy love is over all Thy work,
No ill shall us befall.

A BOY WAS BORN AT BETHLEHEM

BY E. HILTON YOUNG

[*Anthology of Modern Verse*]

A boy was born at Bethlehem
That knew the haunts of Galilee.
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
And learned to love each forest tree

But I was born at Marlborough,
And love the homely faces there;
And for all other men besides
'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs, my comrades
true.

But that great heart of Bethlehem,
He died for men he never knew.

And yet I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate
The village streets at Nazareth.

SLUMBER SONG

ANONYMOUS

[*Songs to Our Lady of Silence*]

Sleep, oh sleep, my little Son;
Thou who dreamest dreams that none
May envision, saving One.
Fair the stars that gleam from far;
Fair moon-silvered flowers are:
Fairer thou than flower or star.
Now round blossom hearts are curled
Rosy petals, closely furled:
Sleep, thou Heart of all the World.
'Gainst the still sky's cloud-soft breast
Lies the little moon at rest:
Little Son, thou slumberest.
In a narrow manger bed
Where the humble beasts have fed,
Thou on straw art pillowèd.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE THEATRE IN PARIS AND VIENNA

HOWEVER disastrous the political situation, Vienna's theatres are remarkable as ever, with at least four says that lovers of the drama cannot very well go without seeing. The conservative Burgtheater, after an unsuccessful opening with a frivolous comedy by Ludwig Fulda, *The Shadow of the Past*, has turned to tragedy in Richard Beer-Hofmann's five-act play, *The Count of Charolais*. The characterization is said to be very fine and there is much genuine thought and some beautiful verse; but critics find the ending old and artificial. One character is somewhat reminiscent of Shylock, — a curious fact in view of Beer-Hofmann's Jewish descent.

The use of an Elizabethan play — Philip Massinger's *The Fatal Dowry* — as a source recalls Goethe's debt to Christopher Marlowe in *Faust*, for the great German poet was an avowed admirer of the Elizabethan writer's *Dr. Faustus*; and a certain interest also attaches to seeing an Elizabethan who, like all his fellows, was a free and easy borrower from other people's plays, himself used as the skeleton for a modern play.

Max Reinhardt is continuing his performances at the *Redoutensaal* of the Court Palace with an admirable production of Goethe's *Stella*, which rarely sees the footlights nowadays. Reinhardt — for even Reinhardt occasionally makes concessions to popular taste — has chosen the version that Goethe fitted with a happy ending, rather than the ending that turns the play into a tragedy.

Under the direction of Alfred Bernau, the Deutsches Volkstheater has given an admirable performance of Strindberg's *Rausch* (Ecstasy). In order to

speed up changes of scene, Direktor Bernau employed only part of his stage for each scene, playing either in the right, left, or central third, while the rest of the space was being prepared for what was to follow. This is, after all, nothing more than an adaptation of the familiar *Schleibühne*, except that the floor of the stage itself is not moved from side to side. The audience was spared the impression of artifice by the cleverness with which the stage manager covered the empty portions of the stage with cloths matching the predominant color of the scene that was being played.

Tilla Durieux, most famous of German tragic actresses, is playing the chief part in a new play from the Italian of Dario Nicodemi, called *The Shadow*. Viennese critics find fault with the work of the dramatist but none at all with the art of Frau Durieux, to which the play is said to owe all its success.

For all that, there is an ingenuity in the story which, presented with a right comprehension of character, might have made a great drama. Bertha Treni, wife of an artist, is a cripple unable to stir from her wheel chair. Suddenly she finds that she has regained the use of her limbs, and hurries in ecstasy to her husband's studio, to tell him what has happened. In the studio she finds another woman, with whom her husband has been living secretly all the while, and by whom he has had a child while his wife has been suffering at home. Life is different from life as she had pictured it. Bertha goes back to the invalid's chair, preferring suffering with illusion to the cruel reality of the world as it is.

In Paris play follows play with be-

wildering speed, but Henri Bernstein's Biblical — or to be strictly accurate, apocryphal — play of *Judith* is one of the most important thus far this season. Bernstein scorns the archaic simplicity of the Hebrew tale and trims it up to suit Parisian taste. His Holofernes knows instantly Judith's errand when she appears before him (not, one would think, a dazzling piece of astuteness on the part of a general besieging the city from which the woman has come). Holofernes, however, in spite of his knowledge, falls in love with Judith and in an ecstasy of devotion, offers his throat to her sword. Judith relents, but later steels herself and slays him, only realizing that she loves the invader still, when it is too late — when she has returned to her city, cast off the lover who seeks to wed her there, and beholds the head of Holofernes lifted on high and treated with contumely.

The last scene, in which she kneels before the head, shows the influence of Wilde — always a force on the Continent — and indeed M. Bernstein does not seem to have displayed great originality at any part of his play. The *mise en scene* breaks away from the uninspired imitation of nature that disfigures the French stage so frequently, and some of the settings are comparable with the best settings of the more modern schools.

Porché's dignified verse play, *Le Chevalier de Colomb*, holds the boards at the Comédie-Française, and there is a spectacular production of *Peer Gynt* at the Mogador. L'Odéon has had a dramatic discussion of the declining French birth-rate, from the pen of M. Tery, editor of *L'Œuvre*, who apparently aspires to the laurels of M. Brieux; while that earnest theatrical sociologist finds the Parisian theatre-goers little inclined to lend ear to his preachment *L'Avocat*, which is meeting with small success.

Le Phénix, a play by Maurice Roand, son of the great French dramatist, is now in rehearsal at the Porte-Saint-Martin, and will probably have an early production.

The Comédie-Française recently played to the record 'house' of its history — 16,000 francs, and the occasion was a classical matinée. That would be a miracle outside the French Republic. Verily, 'they order these matters better in France.' Almost equally miraculous is an event at the Variétés. A new piece by Sacha Guitry is playing and not even one of the Guitry family is in the cast! Guitry père, Guitry fils, and Yvonne Printemps the wife of Guitry fils, are all occupied elsewhere.



TWO NEW ENGLISH QUARTERLIES

Two new English quarterly magazines, differing decidedly from each other in nature and policy, were added to the number of London's magazines during October. One, published by R. Cobden-Sanderson, is to be known as the *Criterion*; the other, published by Chapman and Hall, under the joint editorship of Clifford Bax, with Austin Spare as art editor, appears under the title of the *Golden Hind*.

Although the first issue of the *Criterion* was hailed with enthusiasm by several London critics, a good many readers will find puzzling contrasts in its first number. The leading article is an essay on 'Dullness' by Professor George Saintsbury, at once the dean and the bulwark of the older British critics, while cheek by jowl with this grave endeavor nestles a poem by T. S. Eliot — American by birth and leader of the most radical school in England — which defies the comprehension of Professor Saintsbury or anybody else, except perhaps — and it is a large perhaps — the author. This re-

markable production ends with these lines: —

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam ceu chelidon — O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine de la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

That is an average sample, though it is only fair to add that there are spots where the poem lapses in the direction of sanity and even a few places where meaning is almost apparent. Perhaps this jumble of quotations is meant to impress the reader with its learned and off-hand allusiveness. 'Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe' is from the *Spanish Tragedy*, and the last two lines sound like those foggy books of Indian metaphysics in which the minor poet invariably delights.

There is also a story by Miss May Sinclair, which is altogether worthy of that distinguished writer. Together with this is some fresh Dostoevskii material, a readable but undistinguished critique on modern German poetry, and a long review of James Joyce's *Ulysses* — a book that is either a scandal or a masterpiece as the critic's taste inclines him — taken bodily from Valéry Larbaud's original article in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

Mr. Austin Spare, who was associated with W. H. Davies in the editorship of *Form*, is less successful with the artistic contributions to the *Golden Hind*, the appearance of which has long been heralded, and which has at length emerged from the press. The pen drawings that ornament the new magazine are mostly his work, and though some are beautiful in themselves, the whole impression has too much sameness. The most notable article is Mr. Louis N. Parker's paper on Wagner, which we reprint in this number of the *Living Age*.

The *Golden Hind* has been guaran-

teed for two years. Whether, when its guarantors withdraw, it will be able to survive the storms of the publishing world, to which so many ambitious quarterlies of the same sort have succumbed, may be doubtful, but the new magazine is barely launched on its career and one may at least wish it well.



NEW LETTERS BY OLIVER CROMWELL

IN the state archives of the Free City of Danzig, Count Alexis Bobrinsky has discovered three hitherto unknown letters by the two Cromwells, father and son. Two are official documents written by Oliver as Protector of England, and one is written by his son Richard after his father's death. After the Protectorate was firmly established at home, Cromwell turned his attention to his country's foreign relations. During the Civil War British oversea merchants had lost their supremacy in the Baltic and were being treated as ordinary traders, subject to high import duties.

In the first of the 'new' letters, Oliver, *Dei Gratia, Angliae, Scotiae, et Hiberniae Protector*, makes emphatic reference to the long friendship between Danzig, as a member of the Hanseatic League, and the English. Danzig at that time had closer relations with England than any other cities of the Hansa, for not only did its geographical location make it a peculiarly favorable base for trade with eastern Europe, but it frequently became the mediator between England and the other members of the League. Under King Henry VI England granted special privileges to Danzig in recognition of the assistance rendered in settling misunderstandings between the Free City of Lübeck and England.

The second letter is different from the first, having been written years later, and shortly before Cromwell's death. The hand of time seems to have

lain weightily upon the Protector's pen, for the second signature is weak and shaky, quite different from the bold, firm writing of the first. This letter, dated August 1657, is, however, of greater historical interest than the first, since it shows Cromwell undertaking to reciprocate for Danzig's mediation by himself acting as mediator between Danzig and Sweden. The Swedish Field-Marshal, Count Königsmark von Westerwijk, hero of the capture of Prague in 1648, had been captured by Danzig while on his way from Bremen to Poland, where he sought to join the King, who was besieging Warsaw. En route he fell into the hands of the authorities of Danzig, who being under the protection of the Polish King, incontinently clapped him into the fortress of Weichselmünde, where they kept him until peace was made in 1660. In his letter, the Lord Protector avows that England is always ready to come to the assistance of Danzig and at the same time intercedes for the Swedish general.

Richard Cromwell's letter is written in 1659, after his father's death, in answer to a request from Danzig for English influence in ending the Polish-Swedish war, which was exercising a baneful influence over the foreign trade of the Free City and was especially harmful to the English trade. Richard Cromwell, using his dead father's seal, offers material aid, but protests that mediation would be fruitless.

The letters have especial interest in view of the increasing resumption of trade between the new Free City and her old ally.



REWRITING HOLY WRIT

MR. 'REGINALD AUBERON,' in his new book, *The Nineteen Hundreds*, has combined an entertaining miscellany of persons and events of the last twenty-two years. Lords, ladies, literary folk, and millionaires mingle in very human fashion in his pages, and though he is writing memoirs, he contrives to remain free from the fashionable literary sins of snobbery and 'revelations.'

He recounts — among the doings of other worthies — the life and activities of one Hereward Drake, now forgotten. Drake was the forerunner of the author of 'modern readers' books, the kind of man who refashions Chaucer, improves on the King James version of the Bible, and is restrained from touching up the Bard of Avon only by the awful examples of Dryden and Mr. Bowdler. Drake wished to bring the scriptures up to date. Here is a sample of the way he set about it: —

'I Kings xiii. 7: And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward.' The Hereward Drake version: 'His Majesty said to the clergyman, "Come along home with me, old chap, and I'll stand you a drink and make it worth your while."'

BOOKS ABROAD

Pietro Aretino, by Edward Hutton. London: Constable, 1922. 12s.

Figaro: the Life of Beaumarchais, by John Rivers. London: Hutchinson, 1922. 18s.

[*Outlook*]

ADVENTURERS both, even ruffians and scoundrels measured by ordinary standards, men of restless activity and marvelous physical vitality, of great talents, with a streak of real genius — such were Pietro Aretino and Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. Men of different periods, allowance must be made for the difference of setting; yet in substance their careers and temperaments were very similar.

Aretino was a man of the Renaissance at a time when the anarchic Reformation from the north was upsetting minds and politics; Beaumarchais was a man of the eighteenth century, when the old order was breaking up, and lasted over into the French Revolution, dying just before the Napoleonic Empire came into being.

Both were men completely without scruple; of excessive vanity and insolence; of magnificent self-confidence and impudence. They had adventures and love-affairs without end, adored political intrigue, sold themselves to the highest bidder. They took advantage of the corrupt society in which they lived, made and lost fortunes; Aretino lived in Venice like a prince, Beaumarchais built himself a palace in Paris. They fought, killed without compunction, yet were full of humanity, with love and pity for the miserable, the unfortunate, and the poor. Aretino wrote books of pious devotions; Beaumarchais gave generous help to his enemy, Mme. Göezman, without which she would have become utterly destitute. Aretino was a spy of Italy's worst enemies, Charles V and Francis I; Beaumarchais ran guns for a profit for the American colonists during the American Revolution.

We have bracketed these books only because of their subject-matter, not because we think them of the same level of merit. They are not. Mr. Hutton's *Aretino* is a well-written, penetrating study of the man, with the material carefully organized and digested. He does not attempt to whitewash Aretino; he is frank and outspoken; he has a point of view and an interpretation.

Mr. Rivers's *Figaro* is put together anyhow, with chapters and long passages of quotations strung loosely together. His style is conventional and undistinguished. His descriptive epithets are the worn-out tags of journalism — singers are 'young and pretty,' husbands 'tender and devoted,' Madame de Pompadour is 'incompara-

ble,' Beaumarchais is 'the life and soul of the household.'

There is a similar difference between the physical appearance of the books. Messrs. Constable have given considerable thought to typography, arrangement, and paper; Messrs. Hutchinson's chief endeavor seems to have been merely to get a book between covers, to throw it together somehow. Both books have a common fault — they lack an index. We know the making of indexes is a tiresome task, but after a man has gone to the trouble of writing a book, it would mean only a little additional labor to provide an index. And indexes in books like these which one wants to keep for reference are very necessary.

Politiques et politiciens pendant la guerre, by L. Marcellin. Paris, 1922.

[*Revue Universelle*]

M. MARCELLIN, a journalist who visits the *Palais-Bourbon* daily, has hit upon the idea of writing up his journal during the war. We find in it a good many impressions and anecdotes about domestic politics from 1914 to 1918. This volume, which goes as far as the fall of the Briand ministry, destroys a good many of the legends about the 'fruitful activity' of the parliamentary commissions and the *union sacrée* — legends that have been slowly wearing thin with passing time. We await with curiosity the additional volumes that M. Marcellin announces.

A History of the Church to A.D. 461, by B. J. Kidd. Three volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1922. 58s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

DR. KIDD makes no secret of the point of view from which his book is written — it is that of a sober and scholarly Anglo-Catholicism, which delights in the retrospect of days when 'the Great Church' stood before men's eyes in visible unity, yet does not blind itself to the traces of 'all too human' frailty which occasionally soil the records of this Golden Age.

The rowdiness of councils and the influence of empresses and court favorites in the determination of orthodoxy are faithfully recorded, without any attempt to blink unpleasant facts. Whether the dogmatic and institutional conception of Christianity prevails or not, and whether the faith and practice of the undivided Church are adopted as the starting-point for the further evolution of a reunited Christendom, or recede into the limbo of things which once glowed with life but are now the dead husks and shadows of

themselves, it is impossible to have too many of such candid and conscientious attempts to tell the story of 'the Great Church' — a story which must retain its interest for the historian of man's spiritual aspirations and achievements until the end of time.

Noel: *An Epic in Seven Cantos*, by Gilbert Cannan. London: Martin Secker, 1922. 21s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

A FULL-DRESS satire on an epoch, done in the classic manner and at more than Byronic length, is something of a curiosity. Mr. Cannan has well over a thousand of the familiar eight-line verses in his Introduction and seven Cantos, of which an edition limited to five hundred copies signed by the author is issued.

At their best they flow easily and have some wit and even dignity; at their worst they are pedestrian and sometimes stumbling; but the thing as a whole is a spacious achievement, whatever one may think of the spirit that inspires it. It is an uncommonly and at times repulsively savage and morbid spirit. He describes the 'Liberal-Imperial Britain' which he indicts in a succession of such verses as these: —

And Britain rules the waves that millionaires
May sell more soap and cocoa, margarine,
And tea and pills, lung tonic, tables, chairs,
Boots, urinals and motors, gelatine,
Old bones and soda; that skillful Bulls and
Bears

May rig a market; that obscure, unseen
But well-within-the-law manipulators
May fleece the public to tip German waiters.
Ethereal Shelley! Feeling in thy bones
In what small room dear Freedom must be bound,
Thou heard'st the people's sighs and bitter
groans
And show'dst them where sweet music could be
found.

Now they have music on their gramophones
And Lauder is than thou far more renowned.
But there's no room for spirits so ethereal,
Since England's great and Liberal-Imperial.

Trade, art, letters, politics, all come in turn under the flail. We are, it seems, a besotted lot of shams and money-grubbers, and there is no virtue in us. Our souls have been filched from us by capitalists, newspaper proprietors, and scoundrelly politicians. Altogether it is a sorry world in which Noel moves.

Military Operations, France and Belgium, 1914.

Mons, the retreat to the Seine, the Marne, and the Aisne. August-October, 1914, compiled by Brigadier J. E. Edmonds, C.B., C.M.G., R.E. (History of the Great War, based on Official Documents.)

[*Morning Post*]

This is the first to appear of the volumes dealing with land operations, which are to be included in our Official History of the Great War. It gives concise information with regard to the plans and the resources of the opposing sides. It treats of the outbreak of the conflict. It relates the experiences of the British Expeditionary Force during the opening phases of the struggle on the Western Front.

These pages deal with that dramatic series of events which brought about the signal collapse of the German plan, worked out some years before by Von Schlieffen — a plan in virtue of which the Great General Staff of Berlin felt confident of crushing French resistance within a very few weeks of the first clash of arms. In that series of events Sir John French's troops, relatively few in numbers though they were, played no insignificant part; and General Edmonds furnishes us with a record of their achievements that is at once detailed, well-balanced, and convincing.



BOOKS MENTIONED

- ANONYMOUS. *Songs to Our Lady of Silence*. Ditchling, Sussex: St. Dominic's Press. 5s.
- AUBERON, REGINALD. *The Nineteen Hundreds*. London: Allen and Unwin, 1922. 12s. 6d.
- JENSEN, JOHANNES V. *Den Lange Rejse*. 5 vols. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel, 1922.
- MASSINGHAM, H. J. *Some Birds of the Country-side*. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1922. \$5.00.
- METHUEN, SIR A. (Editor). *Anthology of Modern Verse*. London: Methuen and Co.
- VON WALDERSEE, GENERALFELDMARSHALL ALFRED GRAF. *Denkwürdigkeiten*, Edited by Dr. H. O. Meisner, Stuttgart and Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, 1922.
- The Criterion*, published by R. Cobden-Sanderson, 17 Thavies Inn, London, E. C. 1. 3s. 6d. the copy. 14s., post free, the year.
- The Golden Hind*, published by Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2. 6s. the copy. 1 gn. the year.

Successful Speculation

Strange as it may seem your success in the market depends more upon *when* than upon *what* you buy.

The great basic law of Action-Reaction governs both speculative and investment markets mostly as it governs our mechanical and scientific worlds.

Changes within the concern itself cause its securities to fluctuate within a range of the 10 points. These "ripples" cannot be forecast in any way!

Artificial market manipulations are responsible for minor movements lasting for a few days or a few weeks. These "waners" are unnatural, artificial, and are effective only as long as the pressure is kept up. They cannot be forecast in any way.

Changes in the Fundamental Conditions underlying the business world, meanwhile, cause the whole market to travel its regular cycle showing an average rise and fall—a fluctuation of around 50 points. These—the "tides"—travel with almost clock like regularity. They can be forecast with remarkable accuracy.

The Long-Swing Method

The common sense method is evident. Instead of gambling on the ripples—instead betting against the "insiders"—instead of trying to run cross current or counter to fundamental conditions, take advantage of them.

1. Buy at the bottom when fundamental conditions have forced securities far below their true worth.

2. Hold through the rising market in spite of minor movements, rumor, and gossip.

3. Sell out at the top of the broad rise at 30 to 100 points profit.

4. Hold funds liquid during the down swing.

RESULT—You enjoy half again to twice the usual return without the risk, worry or loss involved in ordinary speculation.

The Opportunity Now

Certain stocks are at or near the bottom of the cycle and should be purchased at once. Others are rapidly approaching a buying point.

If you are a buyer of stocks and miss this opportunity you may have to wait three to five years for another as favorable.

Send for Booklet—Today

A request on your letterhead will bring samples of recent Bulletins and booklet "Getting the Most from Your Money"—gratis. Tear out the MEMO—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

Merely Ask for Booklet No. M71

Babson's REPORTS

Babson Statistical Organization
Largest Organization of Its Character in the World

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me copy of Bulletin M71 and booklet "Getting the Most from Your Money"—gratis.





THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

THE PEACE OF CATHAY <i>A Confucian Remedy for China's Travail</i>	Ku Hung-Ming
THE COMING PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS <i>An Argentine Discussion of Impending Issues</i>	
THE NEW TURKISH DEMOCRACY <i>A Turk's Plea for His Government</i>	Mufty-Zade K. Zia Bey
BENITO MUSSOLINI <i>A Study in Physiognomy and Manner</i>	Ludovic Naudeau
A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FASCIST <i>A Roman Parallel</i>	Martial de Pradel de Lamase
BELGIAN AND AMERICAN AUTHORS <i>A Diplomat to the Academicians</i>	Brand Whitlock
GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND	F. Caussy
VILLAGE LIFE UNDER HORTHY	Dr. C. Täuber
AN ITALIAN APPRAISAL OF HEINE	Zino Zini
THE LADIES' CADI OF BAGDAD <i>A Tale without a Moral</i>	Julius Esermely
THE SCOTTISH CHAUCERIANS	Louis Golding
DICKENS AND MEREDITH	James Moffat
CHILDREN'S GAMES AND SONGS IN ANCIENT GREECE	W. R. Halliday
A VISIT TO DARWIN'S HOME	Sir Arthur Keith

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive
the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

THE LIVING AGE

Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one
year beginning.....

Name.....

Address..... City.....